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The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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The village of Haverstraw, on the Hudson, manufactures more bricks than any other place in the world.

Spain celebrated the sailing of the invincible Armada as well as England. The Spanish claim that the fleet was simply a fishing excursion.

A punctilious French highway robber stopped to apologize to his victim, and the victim noticed the fact that he was bowlegged. He gave the police this pointer and the right man was soon in limbo.

"A native author called Roe," was Matthew Arnold's sneering allusion to the novelist who so soon followed the English litterateur to the grave. E. P. Roe accepted the designation and wrote an autobiographical sketch under that heading, which was completed only a few days before his death.

There is in Lake County, Mich., a co-operative telegraph line, which began by two farmers connecting their houses with a wire, and which has extended until now it has sixty five miles of wire and ninety offices, two-thirds of which are in farmhouses and the others in stores where farmers trade.

The ex-Confederate colony in New York continues to grow. At almost every social gathering may be seen one or two men who won the title of general when they wore the gray. She Southern society started a short time ago, now has a membership of hundreds, and will soon have a building of its own.

The Portuguese Government has bought out the tobacco manufacturing companies of that country, so that the production of tobacco will henceforth be a Government concern. There will probably be no Cigarmakers' Union there now, but the workers will get a pension when too old to work, as is the case in the French Government tobacco system.

It appears that republican simplicity does not characterize the journeyings of President Carnot, of France, in the provinces. What with a considerable retinue, generous dinners to the dignitaries of the towns which tender him hospitality, and gifts to the poor, he is said to do full justice to the annual appropriation of $60,000 for traveling expenses.

Miss Alice B. Farley, of Port Hudson, La., is a fragile little woman physically, but she has strength of mind enough to conduct a large cotton plantation successfully. She threw into planting all the enthusiasm and perseverance many women bestow in acquiring feminine accomplishments, and to-day no cotton produced in the State ranks higher than that which comes from her plantation.

The Houston *Post* claims that Texas can produce within its own borders food amply sufficient for the support of 25,000,000 people. It has a climate adapted not only to the productions of the temperate zone, but to those of semi-tropical character as well. It has timber as well as coal, silver, copper and other minerals in almost exhaustive abundance.

The mineral output of the country for 1887, according to the statement made by the Division of Mining Statistics, is much greater in value than that of 1886, and is worth $100,000,000 more than that of 1885. This is a gratifying exhibit, but is unfortunately coupled with the statement that there will be a decrease in the metal product this year owing to the decline in railroad building.

The French census reported 180 persons who were 100 years old or over, but M. Levasseur, who has been investigating the matter, reports to the Academy of Sciences that sixty-seven of these were only "believed" to be so by their relatives, and that there were only sixteen whose age could be proven to be over 100 years by authentic documents. He estimates that there are not over fifty centenarians in the country.

Although the American clipper ships are growing less in numbers their reputation as the fastest sailers on the globe is by no means declining. The famous clipper ship Henry Hyde, now at anchor off Sandy hook, has really made the voyage from San Francisco, a distance of at least eleven thousand miles, in eighty-nine days. Fine weather was met with most of the passage. It took but eighteen days to run from San Francisco to the equator, thirty-three days from there to Cape Horn, and thirty-eight days from the Falkland Islands to Sandy Hook. The Hyde was built in 1851, at Bath Me., and hails from New York, where she is owned by Benjamin Pendleton.

Says the New York *Graphic*: "This is a great year for preachers' sons. Grover Cleveland, Democratic candidate for the Presidency, is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. Allen G. Thurman, ditto for the Vice-Presidency, is the son of a Methodist clergyman. Benjamin Harrison, Republican candidate for the Presidency, is the son-in-law of a Presbyterian clergyman. Levi P. Morton, ditto for the Vice-Presidency, is the son of a Congregational clergyman. Calvin S. Brice, Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee in charge of the campaign, is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. Matthew Stanley Quay, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, is also the son of a Presbyterian clergyman."

THE WORLD.

A playground—oft with clouded skies,
That o'er the rosebuds weep,
Where little troubles take the weight
Of sorrows far more deep;
Where loved toys break in tiny hands—
Sad symbols of the time
When hope shall cheat and joys depart
In life's swift passing prime.

A battlefield where forests meet,
And unseen hosts contend,
With truces all so short, they seem
With the wild strife to blend;
Strife that leaves none of us unscathed,
Where'er the mastery be;
But who, till the Great Day, can tell
With whom is victory?

A graveyard, where on every side
Pale monuments arise
To show how brief is human life,
How vain is all we prize.
A graveyard filled by memory,
Where phantoms lightly tread,
But each one points with finger raised
To blue skies overhead.

—*Camilla Crosland.*

"PAMELY'S GRIT."

BY HERBERT H. WINSLOW.

The narrow Missouri prairie lay bathed in sunshine, its green waves dotted with brilliant flowers. In the surrounding woods, too, the flowers grew and budded and blossomed in due season, although no human eye might be gladdened by their beauty. A few farms interrupted the stretch of unbroken sod, their pioneer abodes near the wooded bluffs skirting one side of the plain.

In the doorway of a primitive log cabin a young girl stood, with her apron filled with wild flowers freshly gathered. She sat down on the rude step, and began to arrange them with evident pleasure, if with little reference to the laws of color.

The monotonous creak of a rocking-chair sounded within the room. It suddenly ceased and a piping voice called sharply, "Pamely! O *Pamely!*"

"I'm right hyer, gran'daddy! D'ye want me," responded the girl, dropping her apronful of flowers on the step, and turning quickly around.

"Whater yer packing thet thar trash inter ther house fur," croaked the weazen-faced little old man in the corner. "They ain't no sich posies ez we had in Indiany when I was a boy."

"I like 'em, gran'daddy. They make me feel better to hol' 'em in my hands."

"You mought be doin' somethin' fur yer ole gran'daddy, 'stid o' wasting yer time on thet trash," querulously piped the old man.

"What d'ye want, gran'daddy?" asked the girl, running to him, and throwing her arms around his shrunken shoulders. "Are ye gittin' hungry agin."

"I reckon I mought starve ter death 'most any time ef 'twa'n't fur ye, Pamely. Hy, he never done nothin' fur me. He brung me well water yistiddy, when he knowed he'd orter went ter ther spring."

"Hy hez ter work hard, ye know, gran'daddy."

A sharp expression came over the grandfather's face.

"What's thet slick chap frum Bluff City a-doin' roun' hyer all ther time, Pamely?"

The young girl grew pink and then pale under the keen scrutiny of those aged eyes.

"He's goin' ter buy Duck Hawkins's farm, I allow," she replied, pulling nervously at her apron strings.

"What uz he come hyer fur ter buy Duck Hawkins's farm? We hain't got Duck Hawkins's farm done up in er bundle anywheres roun' hyer, hev we, Pamely?"

"O gran'daddy," laughed the girl, merrily, "yer allus sayin, somethin' thet funny." Then a trouble expression drove the dimple out of her round cheeks. "I dunno, realy; but Hy, he's a-talkin' about sellin' ourn, too. He allows 'twould be better to sell out, an' go West. He could git heaps more land out West."

The old man pounded his knotty hickory stick on the pine floor furiously. "If Hy Todbeater pulls up stakes an' moves agin, I'll make back tracks for Indiany, thet's what I will!" he declared, with vehemence.

"O gran'daddy, ther aint nobody there ter take keer of ye! They're all dead an' gone; ye'll hev ter go 'long er Hy an' me." She stooped and pressed her red lips against his withered cheek, and smoothed his thin, white locks with her brown fingers. Then, wiping her eyes on a corner of her gingham apron, she stepped briskly around the room, pausing one moment to place the flowers in a broken pitcher half full of water from the spring.

"I'm fifteen ter-day," she said softly to herself, placing the pitcher on the pine table. Some vague connection between the birthday and the blossoms existed in her youthful imagination; why, she could not have explained. No celebration of any such anniversary had ever been hers. Certainly, hard work and premature care had been her lot the past three years.

Hy Todbeater at that moment was slouching around the entrance to the "Palace Hotel" of Bluff City, five miles away. If any one had asked him the age o' his young house-keeper, who was also his sister and the only one left, he would probably have been unable to give any definite reply. A sense of inferiority to the inhabitants of Bluff City, against which he struggled with backwoods bravado, lent additional awkwardness to his demeanor.

The hotel clerk, with his hair plastered low on his forehead, and a cheap pin glittering on his bright blue tie, seemed a consequential personage. Yet the Palace Hotel was far from palatial, with its two low stories of wood, its whitewashed interior, its meagre air of bustling importance, its seedy boarders and stray travelers. Only the added dignity of the County Court in session swelled all activity to an unaccustomed degree, and impressed the country visitors who lounged about the attractive resorts of Bluff City with a sense of its metropolitan grandeur.

"Right smart o' folks hyer in ther city to-day," ventured Hy Todbeater to the overpowering clerk.

"Full to the roof," he responded, loftily, his thoughts limited to the prosperity of the hotel. "Got a case in court, Mr. Todbeater?"

"Naw," replied the settler, shambling across the room. "Mought hev hed ez well ez not, too. Duck Hawkins's sheep they've been runnin' in my pastur' half ther time lately, an' I'd 'a' sued 'im fur it sure ef it hadn't been fur Pamely bein' so sot agin it. Pamely haint no erpinion o' ther law, she hain't. I'lowed ther wa'n't no reason why I shouldn't hev a case in court ez well ez some other fellers ez hezn't no more propputy'n I hev. I guv it up, though; no use tryin' ter fight Duck Hawkins 'n' Pamely et ther same time."

"Hullo, Jim Carroll!" cried the clerk, familiarly.

A young man of easy appearance entered the room, and at once greeted Hy Todbeater as an acquaintance. He was well dressed and even attractive, if one avoided looking into his eyes. He drew the settler along hurriedly toward one of the row of wagons encircling the square, and then told him to stop a moment before the most pretentious store. He came out with a large package in his hand, and took a seat beside the settler.

"Drive on!" he said hilariously. "You're a rich man Hy Todbeater!"

"I allow it'll be all right ef Pamely don't"—reluctantly hesitated the other.

"Oh, I'll see to that!" said the young man, with great confidence. "I've got something here that'll make it all right. It's a birthday present, you know. She told me it was to day, and I had this all ready."

Hy's jaw dropped in astonishment; it was a new idea to him. He clucked to the old sorrel, and slapped the lines lazily, evidently overcome with the endeavor to grasp all the new ideas which had recently been thrust into his unaccustomed brain.

Granddaddy sat beaming over a dish of that hot porridge.

"Yer er a master-hand et porridge, thet's what ye be, Pamely;" chuckled the old man. "Ther' can't no gal beat my gran'darter, ef I do say it, nary time."

Pamely turned toward Jim Carroll, who entered the open door without the formality of a knock. A blush covered her cheeks, but her smile vanished while she set out a chair for the guest.

"You see, I haven't forgotten your birthday!" he exclaimed, gaily, holding out the package significantly.

Pamely slowly reached out her hand to receive the proffered gift, her young heart stifled with one great throb of joyous surprise.

Her fingers seemed unable to loosen the cord. He snatched it from her to tear off the wrappings, and held up and allowed to trail on the well-scrubbed floor the brilliant folds of a new merino dress.

Her dark blue eyes grew round and black with astonishment and admiration. She glanced down at her faded calico skirt, and the contrast seemed too great. Never in her life had she possessed such a beautiful gown. Then she lifted her face to look straight into the heavy lidded eyes of Jim Carroll. A sudden change came over her; she shrank back awkwardly.

"I reckon I don't want no new dresses jist now, Mr. Carroll. Yer kin give it to some one in Bluff City ez needs it."

She turned hastily, entered the other room, closed the door, and left the young man, suffering the humiliation of defeat.

It was late in the evening when Jim Carroll left Hy Todbeater leaning against the rails of the zig-zag fence behind the barn.

"Have it all ready," he repeated, as he turned away, "I'll bring the captain out in the morning."

"Ya'as," drawled the settler, "I reckon it'll be all right of Pamely"—he slunk around the barn in the path leading to the spring without completing his sentence.

The edge of the woods was full of thick shadows when Pamely hastened along the same path to gratify gran'-daddy's desire for a drink of water from the spring. The moon had risen and a silvery ray penetrated the overhanging foliage, and fell on the clear water as the girl dipped her tin pail in its depths. It rested also on some shining substance half-imbedded in the earth near the water's edge. She had never discovered it before, and now stooped and picked it up, surprised to find it so heavy. It was rough and gray save on one side, which exhibited some silvery bits of surface. She was about to retrace her steps when a dark figure crouching behind a tree caught her gaze. A quick throb of fear was followed by surprise when the flapping straw hat revealed to her acute vision the identity of the prowling individual.

"What 'n ther world er ye doin' out hyer this time er night?" she questioned. "I allowed yer wuz roun' with Jim Carroll."

"Naw," sheepishly replied her brother; "it's thet hot I reckoned it ud be cooler under the trees."

"Ye mus' wanter be cat up by ther skeeters, Hy; what'er yer doin' with thet ther fire-shovel?"

"Jest hed it in my hand an' brung it 'long; diggin' ter see ef ther mought be any gold roun' in these parts," he added, with an awkward chuckle.

"Did ye find any rocks like this hyer?" she asked, holding up the shining bit she had found.

"Heaps on 'em," said Hy, seemingly anxious to make a virtue of confession. "Got 'em in my pocket," and he proceeded to pull out a handful of similar pieces. "Fact is, Pamely, this ez vallyble land, hevin' sich sights o' lead ore lyin' roun' loose, ef it ain't ez slick ez Duck Hawkins's! It'll bring er big price, sure ez shootin'."

"When d'ye find it out—ther lead ore bein' hyer?" questioned Pamely.

"Jest ther other day; I wuz a-sayin' ter myself: 'What's the reason ther aint lead ore on this hyer land ez well ez over in the next county?' an' hyer it ez, fer true. Ye kin hev everything ye want out in Montany, an' gran'daddy kin hev chicken-fixin's every day. I reckon ye want ter make gran'daddy contented-like," cautiously appealed the man.

"I do thet," said the girl, earnestly, as she dipped a fresh pail of water and turned away.

"Pamely! O Pamely!" sounded shrilly through the open door of the cabin.

"Comin'!" cried Pamely, hastening on through the shadows, slowly followed by the shuffling foot-steps of Hy Todbeater.

Her care rendered the old man comfortable for the night. In the morning she waited upon him through the simple breakfast, and then followed her brother as he went to the smoke-house across from the kitchen door. Gran'daddy was somewhat deaf, but he rarely failed to hear distinctly any words not specially designed for his benefit.

"We're on the las' piece ov bacon, Hy; an' Hy, say, ther's nothin' wrong 'bout sellin' ther farm, ez ther?" she queried, tremulously.

"Who's ben a-puttin' fool-notions inter yer head?" excitedly questioned the man.

"Nobody hez; but Hy—Jim Carroll's hyer talkin' ter ye so much—'n I wisht he'd go erway."

"Sho!" said her brother, derisively. "Jim's er friend ter me—he's goin' ter bring Cap'in Colby out ter buy the farm ter-day; an' don't ye go an' spile the trade like ye done 'bout ther ole sorrel las' fall—tellin' the Methodis' preacher ez how he wuz lame half ther winter—ye hear, Pamely?"

"What fur sh'd I spile ther trade?" asked the girl, with a penetrating glance.

"Wal, see 't ye don't," briefly returned the settler, as he shambled off to the barn.

Pamely slowly re-entered the cheerless rooms. If the farm brought a good price she might have as comfortable a home as some of her neighbors had, and everything to suit gran'daddy. Perhaps even—her thoughts reverted to a vision of loveliness she had seen in Captain Colby's carriage, the graceful girl who never wore anything less elegant than the merino dress which Jim Carroll had offered for a birthday present. That was what money could do.

An hour later Jim Carroll again made his appearance, and another conversation with Hy Todbeater occurred behind the barn. Pamely saw Captain Colby's carriage come winding along the road from Bluff City, and stood overcome with embarrassment, for beside him sat the young lady. Stopping before the door, the Captain asked politely if his daughter might remain there while he looked over the farm.

Pamely pulled her faded skirts as low as possible over her bare feet, and in utter confusion placed a chair for the visitor and retreated to the further side of the room. The young lady moved her seat over by gran'daddy's side, and with the instinctive deference due to age addressed her conversation to him.

"I am glad you have found lead ore on your farm," she said, very sweetly, "because it will bring you a better price."

"Yaas, we're wantin' some money right bad," he replied, flattered into confidential frankness by the attention. We wuz well fixed back in Indiany, but Hy, he ain't nigh so smart ez his daddy wuz, an' we're lackin' fur things ter eat an' drink an' wear. I haint had no decent terback 'n my pipe goin' on three months—thet's what I haint!"

Pamely blushed painfully, and suddenly retreated to the other room, making a pretence of important work about the stove.

It seemed a long time before the Captain's return, accompanied by her brother and Jim Carroll. Hy called out for pen and ink. The girl did not seem to hear, but stood motionless, her eyes downcast, by the window. He repeated the request more roughly, as though fearing disobedience to his orders, but this time she placed the desired articles on the table and turned slowly away.

Captain Colby's daughter, glancing sympathetically toward her, noticed that the girl was becoming more nervous every moment. Her brown hands were clasped tightly together and a frightened look came into her eyes.

"Of course I wouldn't give any such price if it wasn't for the presence of lead ore," said the Captain. "These are certainly very good specimens," turning over the pieces in his hands, "and they indicate quite a vein." The captain bent over and dipped the pen in the ink bottle.

"Stop!" cried Pamely, triumphing over all shyness and fear, as she sprang forward with outstretched hands: "Ther ain't no lead on ther farm!"

There was a moment's silence. Captain Colby held the pen motionless in his fingers; even gran'daddy's rocking chair was still. Then Hy Todbeater sprang to his feet,

"Gal!" he burst forth, "air ye struck silly?"

Pamely stood speechless, her eyes fixed on the floor.

"Don't be afraid, my child, what do you mean?" said the captain, kindly.

"It wuz all 'long er Jim Carroll!" she half sobbed; "he brung it there!"

Then she looked at her brother.

"O Hy, I couldn't help it! I hearn ye talkin' roun' ther barn this mornin' when I went ter hunt eggs fur gran'-daddy."

Hy's wrath for once overcame the awkwardness of his appearance; he towered high with unuttered rage and turned to Jim Carroll for assistance in this unexpected emergency—but that young man had discreetly vanished, never to return.

"I mought er knowed Pamely 'd spile the trade someways," he finally remarked, quite crestfallen; "she's thet full 'o notions."

"It would be better if you shared some of them," said the Captain, severely. "For her sake I will let all this pass; but I advise you to keep clear of sharp strangers who make a living by drawing weak men like yourself into some swindling scheme. I will bid you good-day, sir."

It was a bad three months for Pamela that followed, and would have been more so, if Miss Colby had not opened for her a new life by means of books and newspapers, and made gran'daddy jubilant over a weekly consignment of dainties from "the city."

One day, however, Hy came home with less shuffle and more manliness in his demeanor, and walked straight up to Pamela and astonished her by a clumsy caress.

"I reckon ye wuz 'bout right, Pamely, arter all! Ther new railroad ez comin' hyer, an' they 'low ter pay me er big price fur the northeast corner fur a station. Land's riz all eround and they've got er boom in Bluff City. Duck Hawkins hez hed luck out in Montany an' wishes he hedn't sold his farm. I wuz powerful riled, but I'm mighty glad now ye hed the grit."

Like many other men Hy Todbeater believes in the success which follows honesty. If at any time his conscience fails to perform its duty, a box of lead ore in the wood-shed is a constant reminder to keep him in the path of rectitude.—*Youth's Companion.*

The First Cattle Show.

It is said that "Alfred the Great, of England, inaugurated the first cattle-show in the fall of 888—probably in September, as that month has been for centuries the popular season for English country fairs. Alfred was born at Wantage, Berkshire, in 849, and in 872 he succeeded to the crown of his brother, Ethelred, as King of the West Saxons. In 886 Alfred became sovereign of all England, after a bitter war against the invading Danes, whom he conquered. During the ensuing years of peace he encouraged husbandry and other arts, rebuilt his cities and founded wise laws and institutions. Alfred died in 901. Sixty years after his death agricultural fairs were introduced into Flanders, which country has ever since been celebrated for its farming.

The Pluviometer.

The pluviometer is a rain guage, or an instrument by means of which the rain-fall of any area may be determined. It is a cylindrical vessel in shape, and has a horizontal base surmounted by a funnel-shaped tip. A glass tube allows the water from the outside to enter the bottom of the vessel. The water also falls into the funnel-shaped top. The gauge is placed in an open space, free from the disturbing influences of winds, and when the water has risen one inch in the tube, it is estimated that one inch of rain has fallen over the given area.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Her Wit Was Her Fortune—An Unnoticed Effect—A Sedative for His Wife—A Contemplated Mark.

"Where are you going to, my girl, tailor-made?"

"Oh, I'm going to Newport, sir," she said.

"And what will you do there, my girl, tailor-made?"

"Why, fish for a husband, good sir," she said,

"But where do you come from, my girl, tailor-made?"

"Oh, I come from Vassar, good sir," she said.

"Where is your baggage, my girl, tailor-made?"

"It's there on the lighter, good sir," she said.

"How many boxes, my girl, tailor-made?"

"I've thirty-six trunks, sir," the maiden said.

"Why, a boat couldn't carry them, my pretty maid."

"Then I'll charter a couple, good sir," she said.

"But what have you in them, my girl, tailor-made?"

"My bonnets and dresses, good sir," she said.

"But you can't wear them all, my girl, tailor-made?"

"You can bet your sweet life that I will," she said.

"And is that your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My wit is my fortune, sir," she said.

—*The Ocean.*

An Unnoticed Effect.

"Your singing is delightful, Miss Ethel," said Mr. Bore. "It fairly carries me away."

"Indeed?" returned Miss Ethel, with a yearning glance at the clock. "I hadn't noticed it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Sedative for His Wife.

Mr. Caudle—"Doctor, I want you to put up a powerful sedative for my wife; give me the best specific for insomnia you know of."

Doctor—"What's the matter? Can't she sleep?"

Mr. Caudle—"Yes, I guess so; but I can't."—*Burdette.*

A Contemplated Mark.

Little Constance (to Bagby, who is a very desirable catch)—"Better shoot carefully to-day, Mr. Bagby."

Bagby—"Why, Constance? Is your sister such a capital shot?"

Constance—"Oh, I don't know about that; but she said to papa and mamma that she had a good beau, and intended to shoot for the gold in earnest."—*Judge.*

A Timely Suggestion.

Customer (to photographer)—"I want a picture taken with my beard on as it is, and afterward I will get shaved and have it taken without the beard."

Photographer (rushed)—"Well, er, as there are two or three ahead of you, I would suggest, sir, that while I am taking them you might skip out and get shaved now."—*Philip H. Welch.*

Hard on the Doctor.

Old man to young doctor.—"Good morning, Doctor. How d'y'do? Don't you attend old man Jones?"

Doctor.—"Yes, sir."

Old man (Innocently)—"How is he getting along? My wife has been looking in the paper every day for six months to see his death notice."

Young doctor collapses.—*Washington Critic.*

Just the Difference.

Gubbins, in one of the rare moments he devotes to the cultivation of his intellect, was reading aloud from a work on natural history.

"The camel is an animal that can work a week without drinking."

"And I," remarked Gubbins, commenting on the text, "I am an animal that can drink a week without working."—*Judge.*

And Mary Didn't Refuse.

Mary.—"Don't you dislike to have a man talk shop when he comes to see you?"

Jennie.—"Indeed, I do! Who's been talking shop to you?"

Mary.—"Oh, my young mrn. He's a street-car conductor, you know, and nearly every time he comes to see me he gets off his shop talk."

Jennie.—"What does he say?"

Mary.—"Sit closer, please."—*Burlington Free Press.*

In Hard Luck.

"How are you coming on in business?" asked a gentleman of a Dallas merchant.

"I am having a hard time of it. Luck is against me."

"How so?"

"Didn't you hear how burglars broke open the store and robbed my rival over the way? Just think of what a lot of free advertising he gets. I don't want to fail and get rich, but I'm being driven to it."—*Texas Siftings.*

One Serious Defect.

Young Lawyer (to pretty cousin)—"Yes, Maud, I think I have perfectly appointed office. That desk alone cost one hundred dollars."

Pretty Cousin (looking about with evident admiration)—"Yes, Charley, it's a lovely room; but I notice one serious defect."

Young Lawyer—"What's that, Maud?"

Pretty Cousin—"The absence of clients."—*Drake's Magazine.*

He Was Used to It.

"What makes you wear that old-fashioned felt hat?" asked one man of another on Clark street.

"Well, you see, my wife fancies that style of hat, so I have to get it."

"But I wouldn't be dictated to in that manner."

"You wouldn't be dictated to?"

"No, sir."

"Well, in my business you get used to it and don't mind it."

"What is your business?"

"I'm a stenographer."—*Merchant Traveler.*

One of Fortune's Favorites.

"Young man," he said, "do you respect the fair sex, as all young men should?"

"I do, indeed, responded the young man, with emotion. "And there is one of the fair sex, sir, whom I not only respect but adore, and she adores me."

"You are fortunate."

"Fortunate is no name for it, my venerable friend. Why, in the summer time that girl clerks in an ice cream and confectionery shop, and in the winter she is cashier in an oyster saloon."—*Epoch.*

Two Sides of Humanity.

Omaha Miss (at a seaside resort)—"What a lot of wedding parties there are here."

Experienced Dame—"I thought so at first, but I see how that I was mistaken. Most of the couples are only engaged.'

"Omaha Miss—"Why, how can you tell the difference so quickly."

Experienced Dame—"Where a couple are engaged, my dear, the gentleman looks after the comfort of the lady, when they are married the lady looks after the comfort of the gentleman.—*Omaha World.*

Misinterpreted the Professor.

"Go with me, Miss Laura," said the professor, glowingly, "to the vineclad hills of France——"

"Do you mean it, professor?" exclaimed the delighted girl, preparing to throw herself in his arms.

"——In imagination. Walk, as I have walked among the simple hearted peasantry of Normandy. Converse with them in their native tongue, and then argue, if you can, that poverty is in itself a curse!"

"It is all quite charming no doubt," asserted Miss Laura, relapsing into dreary apathy.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Johnny Was All Right.

"You don't eat a great deal, my little man," said the minister, who was taking dinner with Johnny's parents.

"No, sir; don't need to."

"Perhaps you are training to be another Dr. Tanner and fast forty days."

"Forty days ain't nothing."

"Johnny, don't talk nonsense," interposed his mother.

"Why, ma, it ain't anything all." Then, turning to the minister, "I've got an uncle who lived over a month on water."

"Why, Johnny," said his mother again, "if you don't stop telling stories ——"

"But it isn't a story. It's my uncle Ned, who is captain of an ocean steamer. I guess, ma, he's lived on water more'n a month often."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Fatal Mistake.

Mrs. Jacob S——, an estimable woman living in a small town in the West, discovered early in her matrimonial career that she had not been fortunate in her choice of a husband, for Jacob proved to be excessively lazy and shiftless, doing almost nothing for the support of his wife and the round-faced little children.

Several years after her marriage Mrs. S—— heard of the approaching marriage of Jennie Krale, the daughter of a neighbor, and meeting the girl one day she said:

"Vell, Shennie, I hear you vas tinkin' 'bout getting married. Vas dat so?"

The girl, with becoming blushes, admitted the truth of the rumor.

"Vell, Shennie," said Mrs. S——, "it would be vell for you to dink dwice before you marry anypody."

"Did you think twice about it when you were married?" asked Jennie, rather resenting the intimation that she had not made a wise choice.

"Vell, yes, I did," replied Mrs. S——, after some little hesitation. "I did dink dwice, Shennie, but I made von grade meestake, von grade meestake, Shennie. I did not dink der second time until after I vas married."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Queer Deep-Sea Fish.

"The absence of sunlight, the tremendous pressure of the water at such depths and its quiet stillness are the causes which make the vast physiological differences between the fish at the bottom of the sea and those near the surface, with which we are the most familiar," remarked a prominent scientific man to a reporter for the New York *Mail and Express.*

"Many of the most wonderful peculiarities of the deep-sea fish are due to the absence of sunlight," he continued, "and some of them are totally blind, being absolutely without eyes or having only rudimentary ones, like those which are seen in fish which inhabit the streams of caves where the sun never shines. On the other hand, there are some varieties which have eyes of abnormal size, in order that they may collect all the rays of light that penetrate the deep. Experiments show that the light of the sun cannot penetrate the water beyond a depth of about 200 fathoms, and that just beyond that depth the light is but a faint glimmer, while still farther down is total darkness.

"Yet these creatures, living far away from the light of the sun, must have some means of shaping their course in the search for food, and nature has so well provided for their needs that they are actually a light unto themselves, like lanterns; they have certain organs that emit a phosphorescent gleam to light them on their way. Some of them carry tiny torches in the form of tentacles that rise from the top of their heads, while others have little rows of luminous spots along their sides. Imagine the fairy-like torchlight procession miles below the surface of the sea, which flashes here and there through utter and impenetrable darkness. It is thought by some that many of these fish are entirely enveloped in light, and sometimes when brought to the surface the luminous spots still glimmer faintly."

"Does the appearance of any of these deep-sea fish resemble the species familiar to us near the surface?" was asked.

"Yes, for the majority of the deep-sea fish which have been brought to the surface show a greater or less resemblance to our common kinds, and there are many indications which point to the conclusion that many of them were once inhabitants of the upper portion of the water. It is said even now that there are evidences that the halibut is being forced downward, and if that is the case, as the halibut sinks to still greater depths the causes I have mentioned will develop the same curious physiological characteristics, and another species will be added to the deep-sea tribe."

Japanese Water Pipes.

The water supply of Tokio, Japan, is by the wooden water pipe system, which has been in existence over two hundred years, furnishing at present a daily supply of from twenty-five to thirty million gallons. There are several types of water pipes in use, the principal class being built up with plank, square, and secured together by frames surrounding them at close intervals. The pipes less than six inches consist of bored logs, and somewhat larger ones are made by placing a cap on the top of a log in which a very large groove has been cut. All the connections are made by chamfered joints, and cracks are calked with an inner fibrous bark. Square boxes are used in various places to regulate the uniformity of the flow of the water, which is rather rapid, for the purpose of preventing aquatic growth. The water is not delivered to the houses, but into reservoirs on the sides of the streets, nearly 15,000 in number.—*Scientific American.*

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Pretty Bedspreads.

Those of us who have as heirlooms old heavy home-made linen sheets, can transform them into handsome counterpanes, says a writer in the *Prairie Farmer*, by the following method: Divide them into squares or parallelograms, by drawing out the threads, and working the open spaces by merely twisting three or four threads over as many others with the wash filocelle, or heavy red or blue working cotton. In each square or oblong space, with one or two colors of the same, work little quaint designs. These may be irregular geometrical patterns, or such figures as fancy may suggest. It can be divided into squares by briar or feather-stitching, if preferred to the open work. Finish the edge with coarse linen lace. Pillow-shams to match are easily made.

Hints About Kitchen Economy.

When the kitchen dish cloth begins to "smell like a dish rag," throw it in a saucepan or tin bucket of hot water, put a good lump of soda in with it, and set it on the stove to take a good boil. It will be sweet and clean when it comes out. Certain of the fraudulent that leaving milk pans open until the milk gets cold will remove the taste of onion from milk. It does nothing of the sort. The only thing that removes the taste is to keep onions or garlic away from the cows. Once in milk, it is there to stay.

Another fraud is the statement that washing rancid butter in buttermilk will make it sweet again. It doesn't help it one particle. Rancid butter has undergone certain chemical changes and cannot be restored to its normal state. There is a German method of preparing "strong" butter so that it can be used in cooking, but once rancid, or even in the edge thereof, it is past table use.

Still another imposition is the story that when eggs are "flat" and won't beat up light, a pinch of soda will make them beat. It doesn't do it. A stale egg cannot be restored any more than sour milk can be made new or rancid butter fresh. —*Good Housekeeping.*

Pickles.

In making pickles, use none but the best vinegar. Boil in a porcelain kettle—never in metal. Pickles should be examined every month, and soft pieces removed. If there is much tendency to soften, it is advisable to strain off the vinegar; add to each gallon a cupful of sugar and boil it, and return to the pickle jar while hot. The occasional addition of a little sugar keeps pickles good and improves them. Spices in pickles should be used whole, slightly bruised, but preferably not ground; if ground, they should be tied up in thin muslin bags. Most pickles, if well made, improve by age, the sharpness of the vinegar passing off and the flavors of the spices blending pleasantly together. Ginger is the most wholesome spice for pickles, cloves the strongest, mace, allspice and cinnamon the more delicate, and of course less of the strongest should be used. Never put pickles in anything that has held any kind of grease, and never let them freeze. Before putting them in vinegar after scalding, they should be cold and perfectly dry. A lump of alum the size of a small nutmeg, to a gallon of cucumbers, dissolved and added to the vinegar when scalding the pickles the first time, renders them crisp and tender, but too much is injurious. To prevent moulding cut horse-radish roots in thin slices lengthwise, and lay half a dozen or so of these pieces on the top of each crock of pickles, allowing them to remain until all the pickles are used. Grated horseradish will not do, as it soon loses its strength and then ferments.

Home-made the Best.—Pickles are not famous for wholesome qualities, even when made with the greatest care, but if they must be eaten, it is best to make them at home. Those sold in market are often colored a beautiful green with sulphate of copper, which is a deadly poison, or are cooked in brass or copper vessels, which produce the same result in an indirect way. Scalding or parboiling articles to be pickled makes them absorb the vinegar more readily, but does not add to their crispness.

Sweet Pickles may be made of any fruit that can be preserved, including the rinds of ripe melons and cucumbers. The proportion of sugar to vinegar for syrup is three pints to a quart. Sweet pickles may be made of any preserves by boiling over the syrup and adding spices and vinegar. Examine frequently, and rescald the syrup if there are signs of fermentation. Plums and other smooth-skinned fruits should be well pricked before cooking. The principal spices for sweet pickles are cinnamon and cloves. Use "Coffee C" sugar always.

Sweet Pickled Beets.—Boil them in a porcelain kettle till they can be pierced with a silver fork. When cool cut lengthwise to size of medium cucumber, boil equal parts vinegar and sugar, with half tablespoon ground cloves tied in a cloth to each gallon; pour boiling hot over the beets.

Sweet Cucumber Pickles.—Take ripe cucumbers, cut them lengthwise, take out seeds, soak in salt and water twenty-four hours; then soak in vinegar and water twenty-four hours; drain. Then make a syrup of one quart vinegar, one pound of sugar, one ounce cinnamon, and one-half ounce cloves. Boil till tender.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Jay Gould and His Tailor.

Mr. Gould considers his time more valuable than money, and it is his habit to visit his tailor and tell him to make so many suits of clothes, says the Washington *Star*. "I guess you'd better make me about four suits of clothes this time," Mr. Gould will say. Then he will stroke his whiskers, look thoughtful, and add: "Possibly you'd better make me half a dozen suits this time; have them done as soon as you can, and if they don't prove what I like I will give them to my brother." Mr. Gould leaves everything to his tailor; that person also selects Mr. Gould's neckties and underwear. The millionaire says himself that he hasn't time to bother with such small details. His tailor explained to me that Mr. Gould's brother, whom he had referred to, is rather an erratic individual. He is the opposite of his brother Jay, for he cares nothing for money, neither does he know how to make it. The millionaire seldom trusts him with very much money, but he has got carte blanche to go to any of his brother's tradespeople and get whatever he may need. He's exactly the same size as his brother, and a suit of clothes that fits one is equally suitable for the other. Sometimes when Mr. Gould orders a half dozen suits of clothes, and they are sent home to him, there may not be one suit that he likes, and he immediately gives an order for another half dozen suits. He does not even think to ask the price, and finds no fault with his tailor. His tailor says there are few men in New York that dress better than Mr. Gould.

THE CHILDREN HAVE GROWN AWAY.

My little children have grown away,
Grown away from the land of play,
Grown to be men and women tall,
With passions and loves and hates and all
That comes to us when we grow away
From childish play.

My little children that were so dear,
How can I help but wish them here
With arms round my neck in the old loving way
I have not known for many a day,
Not since home was my kingdom, precious and sweet,
Filled with the music of pattering feet!

Those feet that led them away from me
Into the world and over the sea,
Leaving me here in my lonely room
That even in sunshine seems full of gloom,
And so very lonely I needs must cry
For the days gone by.

I thought I should be the first to go,
And I cannot but wish it might have been so,
But the Father of love, who dwells in the light,
Took some of my babies out of my sight—
Took them away to his Home of Rest,
And I know, though I cannot tell why, 'twas best.

So I'm trusting our Lord and can clearly see
That in that dear land our home shall be,
And though the children have gone away
We shall meet again, oh, blessed day,
When he will call—to heaven we come
And find once more our happy home.

—*John A. Clark, in Good Housekeeping.*

PITH AND POINT.

A vacant lot—Dudes.

The age of humor—Badinage.

Food for reflection—Brain food.

The sea cow probably eats from the trough of the sea.

A twenty-dollar gold piece and a reliable watch always go for what their faces indicate.

The widow of a railroad baggage-man

The People's Press.

SALEM N. C.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1888

[Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

ELECTION, TUESDAY, November 6th.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:
GROVER CLEVELAND,
of New York.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
ALLEN G. THURMAN,
of Ohio.

Electoral Ticket.

FOR ELECTORS—STATE AT LARGE:
A. M. WADDELL, of New Hanover.
FRED. N. STRUDWICK, of Orange.

DISTRICT ELECTORS:
1ST DIST—G. H. BROWN, Jr., of Beaufort.
2ND DIST—JNO. E. WOODARD, of Wilson.
3RD DIST—CHAS. B. AYCOCK, of Wayne.
4TH DIST—ED. W. POU, of Johnston.
5TH DIST—JOHN H. DOBSON, of Surry.
6TH DIST—S. J. PEMBERTON, of Stanly.
7TH DIST—L. C. CALDWELL, of Iredell.
8TH DIST—THOS. M. VANCE, of Caldwell.
9TH DIST—W. T. CRAWFORD, of Haywood

State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR:
DANIEL G. FOWLE, of Wake.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR:
THOMAS M. HOLT, of Alamance.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE:
WILLIAM L. SAUNDERS, of Wake.

FOR TREASURER:
DONALD W. BAIN, of Wake.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL:
THEO. F. DAVIDSON of Buncombe.

FOR AUDITOR:
GEO. W. SANDERLIN, of Wayne.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION:
SYDNEY M. FINGER, of Catawba.

Judicial Ticket:

FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICE SUPREME COURT:
[To fill vacancy caused by death of Judge Ashe.]
JOSEPH J. DAVIS, of Franklin.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICES SUPREME COURT:
[Under Amendment to the Constitution.]
JAMES E. SHEPHERD, of Beaufort.
ALPHONSO C. AVERY, of Burke.

Congressional Ticket:

5TH DIST—J. T. MOREHEAD, of Guilford.

—A negro was lynched at Whiteville, this State, last Thursday night. Rape.

—The official majority in Arkansas for the Democratic governor is 14,981.

—After all the bluster about Republican gains in Maine, that party has actually lost 1000 votes.

—The damage to the lowland crops from Blowing Rock to Charlotte is reported as very great.

—The Senate finally passed the Chinese Restriction bill. It is to be hoped that this question is now settled.

—The yellow fever at Jacksonville is not abating. An appeal for aid is earnestly made for the benefit of the many needy.

—Gov. Hill and Lt. Gov. Jones, of New York, were re-nominated by acclamation by the Democratic State Convention.

—The Catawba Agricultural Fair is in progress at Newton. The display is the largest ever made in Western North Carolina

—There were two deaths from yellow fever among the Florida refugees at Hendersonville, in this State. Several others were sick. No fever among the citizens.

—On Monday last a serious collision occurred on the Virginia Midland, near Culpepper. The engineer of the passenger train was killed and the fireman badly hurt. No passengers were hurt.

CONGRESS.

The Chinese exclusion bill was debated in the Senate on the 11th; a bill was reported from the Finance committee declaring unlawful trusts and combinations in restraint of trade and production; the sundry civil appropriation bill occupied the session of the House.

An amendment to the trust bill was offered in the Senate on the 12th, which elicited considerable discussion; some lively civilities were indulged in by Messrs. Spooner and Butler, which ended in the best of humor; a message from the President relative to the fisheries question was presented and referred; the conference report on the sundry civil appropriation bill was considered in the House.

The Chinese exclusion bill was considered in the Senate on the 13th, and gave rise to a lengthy debate, and it was finally agreed that a vote should be taken on Mr. Blair's amendment at 2 o'clock on the 14th; the bill amendatory of the inter-State commerce law was considered in the House, and passed without division.

The Senate indulged in a political debate on the 14th, in which the tariff was largely discussed; a bitter and acrimonious personal colloquy took place between Messrs. Payne and Hoar, in which some left-handed compliments were interchanged; the House passed Senate bill appropriating $200,000 to suppress infection in the inter-State commerce of the United States.

The vote on the Chinese question was postponed till Monday for want of a quorum.

—*Wilmington Star Outlines.*

FOWLE AND DOCKERY IN WINSTON.

A large crowd of people, estimated at 3000, assembled to hear the joint discussion between Judge Fowle and Col. Dockery in the Reservation Grove, West Winston.

Judge Fowle was introduced by C. B. Watson, Esq., and was greeted with enthusiastic applause and waving of bandannas. His speech was well received. His tribute to Forsyth County was warmly cheered by both parties, and when he announced himself as candidate for Governor and represented the best party in America the Democracy were enthused beyond measure.

His speech covered the ground so often noticed in these columns, viz: The prosperity and progress of our good State, in her finances, schools, asylums, railroads, agriculture and manufactures under the rule of the Democrats. The tariff bill and the internal revenue were ably discussed, and he placed the responsibility of the internal revenue on the Republicans where it belonged, and claimed that the Democrats in Congress had passed a bill ameliorating the law, and in the passage of the Mills bill had taken the tax off of tobacco, and the passage of both the acts were obstructed by a Republican Senate. The Democratic party could not be held responsible for these obstructions. The Republican effort to hold the Democrats responsible for the internal revenue reminded him of the man who turned a vicious dog into his neighbor's yard, and then upbraided the man he imposed on for not muzzling the dog. He showed how Harrison had voted against a reduction of the tariff and revenue and that the Republican platform did not favor the relief of the people. When time was called the Judge sat down amid tremendous cheering

Col. Dockery came forward and commenced the usual attack on the Democratic party for not reducing the internal revenue as they had promised, forgetting that Judge Fowle had just explained the reason. He endeavored to show that the present tariff had made things cheaper, when it had just been clearly demonstrated that free raw material would enable the manufacturer to still further cheapen his fabrics, and compete with England in the markets of the world. But he did not remember this and went on with his one-sided talk. He was loud on trace chains and such like illustrations, but did not explain why so many people were idle under the influence of his pet protective tariff. His Farmer's Alliance claim was too thin. Dockery did not deny voting for a negro against a white man, but did not mind calling his colored friends kinky headed niggers, &c. He said there was more nigger in the Democratic wood-pile than in the Republican, and yet in the face of all this his plaudits come mostly from the colored people. Col. Dockery is an able speaker, and no doubt his friends were pleased with his efforts.

Judge Fowle rather dazed Col. Dockery in his rejoinder when he read the resolution passed by the Farmers' Alliance Convention, condemning trusts, undue protection, &c. Judge Fowle also answered all the prevarications of the Col., and arraigned the Republican party for its many misdeeds.

Col. Dockery tried to mend the gaps in his fence and finally announced himself as the Farmer's and Workingman's candidate!

A beautiful bouquet was presented to Judge Fowle amid the applause of the thousands of Democrats present. Quite a number of ladies graced the occasion with their presence.

The Candidates at Lexington.

On Saturday morning, notwithstanding the threatening clouds, Col. Dockery left town behind Jos. Stockton's gaily caparisoned team of creams. Judge Fowle drove out with a fine team of bays, handsomely decorated. Both candidates were escorted into Lexington by strong delegations of friends. The large crowd caused the speakers to address them from the court house steps in a drizzling rain.

Judge Fowle made a fine speech, and gave general satisfaction. A fine bouquet was presented to Judge Fowle, while Col. Dockery received green corn as the farmer's candidate. Judge Fowle remarked that if that would establish his competitor as the farmer's candidate the donor was as green as the corn he offered.

The Candidates in Davie.

Special to the News and Observer.

SALISBURY, September 17.—Judge Fowle and Col. Dockery met at Mocksville on Monday. Notwithstanding the pouring rain a large crowd greeted them. Although it is a Republican stronghold it was evident that Judge Fowle got the better of Dockery. As Dockery left the stand he was heard to remark: "This is the hardest place I have been to yet." Those who are well posted say Fowle made at least one hundred votes and his triumph over Dockery was complete. After the speaking was over the ladies presented Judge Fowle with a number of handsome bouquets, and he was surrounded by the immense crowd who gave him repeated cheers Davie is enthusiastic for Fowle, and he will carry the county in November by a good majority.

Dockery Fails to Come to Time.

HICKORY, Sept. 18.—Dockery, for unknown reasons, missed his appointment with Judge Fowle here to-day. Judge Fowle spoke to a large and enthusiastic audience and made votes.

General Harrison's Letter of Acceptance.

The letter fully approves the Republican platform. He says:

"It is a matter of congratulation that the declarations of the Chicago convention upon the question that now attracts the interest of our people are so clear and emphatic.

There is further cause of congratulation in the fact that the convention utterances of the Democratic party, if in any degree uncertain or contradictory, can now be judged and interpreted by executive acts, messages, and by definite propositions in legislation. This is especially true of what is popularly known as the tariff question. The issue cannot now be obscured. It is not a contest between schedules, but between wide-apart principles.

The foreign competitors for our market have, with quick instinct, seen how one issue of this contest may bring them advantage; and our own people are not so dull as to miss or neglect the grave interests that are involved for them. The assault upon our protective system is open and defiant.

He considers the Mills bill a step towards free trade.

The Republican party holds that a protective tariff is constitutional, wholesome and necessary. We do not offer a fixed schedule, but a principle. We will revise the schedule, modify rates, but always with an intelligent provision as to the effect upon domestic production and the wages of our working people.

Our workingmen have the settlement of this question in their own hands. They now obtain higher wages and live more comfortably than those of any other country. They will make choice between the substantial advantages they have in hand, and the deceptive promises and forecasts of these theorizing reformers. They will decide for themselves and for their country whether the protective system shall be continued or destroyed.

We are not likely to be called upon, I think, to make a present choice between the surrender of the protective system and the entire repeal of the internal taxes. Such a contingency, in view of the present relation of expenditures to revenues, is remote. The inspection and system of the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine is important; and the revenue derived from it is not so great that the repeal of the law need enter into any plan of revenue reduction.

The surplus now in the treasury should be used in the purchase of bonds.

Closely connected with the subject of the tariff is that of the importation of foreign laborers under contracts of service to be performed here. The law now in force prohibiting such contracts, received my cordial support in the Senate, and such amendments as may be found necessary effectually to deliver our workingmen and women from this most inequitable form of competition will have my sincere advocacy.

He favors limited immigration, goes back on the Chinese, favors free ballot, and wishes the brother in black to be secure in his citizenship. The Blair bill comes in for favorable comment. He wishes an increase of States in the Union, but opposes the admission of Utah. He opposes trusts, hurrahs for pensions, approves civil service and prohibition, and finally places himself squarely on the National Republican platform.

—The CENTURY for September is an educational number and opens with an excellent article on "Uppingham" School, England, founded in 1584, over 300 years ago, and yet it has kept pace with the age and is now conducted on Modern Ideas. A finely engraved portrait of Edward Thring, late "Head Master of Upper Tam," is the frontispiece. The "White Cowl," is a thrilling story on Monastic life in Kentucky. "Dovis" is another fine article. "Hard Times in the Confederacy" will be read with interest. The Mountaineers about Monteagle is a good character sketch. Sideral Astronomy, old and new, part two, is good. Topics of the Times, Open Letters and Bric-a-Brac, are fully up to if they do not surpass former numbers. Price $4 a year. The PRESS and *Century* for $5.

—Everybody will be pleased with ST. NICHOLAS for September, especially with the fine frontispiece, "If a body meet a body comin' thro' the Rye." "Sunshineland," is a pretty poem. The "Little Confederates" show pluck and pathos in this number. The stories about the California Lion, by the lamented E. P. Roe, who died recently, will be doubly welcome, as being among his last works. "Knot Holes," and "What Dora Did," will be read with interest. Dick's Farm Hand will please the boys and "Little Ike Tumplin" is full of fun and frolic. This number is specially good.

—HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September shows at a glance that it is a strong one. The frontispiece is an illustration by E. A. Abbey for the old song, "Harvest-Home," and it is a most agreeable introduction to what follows.

Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in "Our Journey to the Hebrides," begins a charming description of a tramp trip made by herself and her husband through Scotland.

The Woodland Caribou is fast becoming extinct, a fact that will be more than usually regretted by hunters after reading Mr. H. P. Wells's description of the creature and his habits.

In "Studies of the Great West" Mr. Warner describes the cities of Memphis and Little Rock and the country round about. Little had been heard from this region since the war, and what Mr. Warner says is news.

"The New Gallery of Taspestries at Florence" will attract admirers of tapestry and furnish much information for those who like fine and artistic needle-work. The illustrations are especially effective.

"Old Satsuma" is a profusely illustrated article on "Old Vases and Jars." People owning old china will be able to learn its value from this article.

Lafcadio Hearn's "Midsummer Trip to the West Indies" is finished.

The fiction of the Number consists of a pleasing love-story, "At Byrams," by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, and additional portions, in Far Lochabar and Annie Kilburn. It is a first-class number.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGARINE FOR SEPTEMBER.—If you want to possess two lovely little gems in Water-Colors, you should get Demorest's Monthly for September. We have never seen anything equal to them in any Magazine: they could easily be taken for hand painted pictures worth from $5 to $10 each. Demorest is always giving us some artistic surprise, and this feature added to the great merit of the literary portion of the Magazine makes a publication that should be found in every household. We were particularly struck with some of the instructive articles in this number; for instance, "The Minister's Parlor Furniture" gives such a perfect lesson in upholstering that any one can make over the old furniture; an article on "Reading for Girls" will save many mothers a vast amount of trouble in looking up suitable books for their daughters; and "How We Did During the War" is an interesting account of the home make-shifts resorted to during that terrible period. "An Atelier des Dames" illustrated), giving an account of the life of women art students in Paris, and an article on Newport (beautifully illustrated) are among the other attractions. We cannot speak too enthusiastically in its praise. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, N. Y.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. "One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidney and Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Dr. Thompson's Drug Store.

For Whom and on What We shall Vote.

On the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November the people of North Carolina will vote for Electors for President and Vice President of the United States; State executive officers; three Associate Justices of the Supreme Court; Representatives in Congress; county officers, except clerks of the Superior Courts; constables; and on an amendment to the Constitution increasing the number of Supreme Court Judges to five. There are to be seven ballot boxes, into which the ballots will be deposited as follows:

1. Eleven Electors of President and Vice President.
2. Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer, Attorney General and Superintendent Public Instruction.
3. Associate Justice of Supreme Court—to fill vacancy caused by death, and two Associate Justices Supreme Court to fill original vacancies.
4. Representative in the 51st Congress, in each of the nine Congressional districts.
5. Register of Deeds, Coroner, Treasurer, Surveyor and Sheriff, in each county.
6. Constable in each township.
7. Amendment to Constitution relative to the Supreme Court.
8. Members of the General Assembly.

The judicial ticket will distinguish between the candidate to fill the unexpired term of the late Associate Justice Ashe and the two candidates to be commissioned Associate Justices only in the event of the ratification by the people of the amendment to be voted on at this election. The chairmen of the State committees of the two political parties will agree upon the formula for this distinction.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no payment required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. V. O. Thompson, Winston.

—Miss Almond, of Stanley county, while standing in the door of her home, during a thunder storm last week, was killed by lightning. In the same county and on the same evening, the residence of Aden Hill was struck and badly damaged.

—In a private letter from Minister Jarvis, he says that the health of himself and wife makes it impossible for him to remain much longer in Brazil. His Secretary of Legation is now absent and upon the return of the latter in October Mr. Jarvis expects to return to North Carolina to arrive about Christmas.

WE ARE ALWAYS IN THE FRONT.

-: SPECIAL BARGAINS :-

—IN—

NEW FALL GOODS.

Our first invoice of FALL GOODS have arrived and are now on our counters for your inspection.

The selection is much better than ever and as they were bought right we are enabled to give you prices below all competition.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED:

75 Pieces Prints, 5, 6 and 7 cents.
50 " Dress Ginghams, 8 and 9c. worth 10 and 12½c.
50 " Worsted Dress Goods, Cashmeres and Herinettas.
30 " Jeans and Cassimeres.
10 " Flannels.
15 " Cotton Flannels.
10 " Fine White Dress Goods—all new styles.
20 Cases Shoes, all kinds and qualities.
30 " Rubber Shoes, for Men, Women and Children.
5 " Hats.
25 Pieces Bleached Domestics.
Arista Sheeting and Salem Plaids--best in America.

NOTIONS

of every description Hosiery, Gloves, Jerseys, Shawls, Handkerchiefs, &c.

A FULL LINE HARDWARE & CUTLERY,

Axes, Cross Cut Saws, Wood Saws, Mattocks, Grindstones, Pad-locks, Door-locks, Glass, Putty, Hinges, Nails, &c.

25 DOZEN SUSPENDERS,

AT ABOUT HALF VALUE.

GLASSWARE & CROCKERY,

IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

LAMPS, LAMPS,

cheaper than you have ever seen them.

We buy our Goods as low as the cash will buy them and then sell them at a very small profit for cash or in exchange for country produce. We cannot afford to give time on such small profits.

We deal in

GOOD GOODS,

and not trash, and believe the people will patronize that house that sells the

Best Goods For the Least Money.

We are in the market for all kinds of

DRIED FRUIT,

—AND WILL PAY—

HIGHEST MARKET PRICES.

When you take into consideration the LOW PRICES at which we are offering everything in our line, we think you will see at once the advantage of selling to us.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE,

we appreciate it and shall always strive to make it to your advantage to trade with us.

COME AND SEE.

ALWAYS GLAD TO SHOW YOU.

Yours Truly,

FRIES, GIERSH & SENSEMAN.

Salem, N. C., Aug. 23, 1888--tf.

STAR BRAND

WHEAT GUANO.

We again offer this reliable Wheat Manure to our farmers with every assurance that the high standard is fully maintained. Hundreds and thousands of farmers in this vicinity and all over the wheat growing section of the State have used this high grade

COMPLETE WHEAT MANURE

for years with satisfactory results as to crops and with beneficial results to the land. We are prepared to name and show a large number of farms in this county which, by the continuous use of the

Star Brand Wheat Guano.

following wheat crop with clover, have increased in productiveness and in value more than one hundred per cent. We caution farmers against using any fertilizer which is not within itself a

COMPLETE FERTILIZER.

A fertilizer which is wanting in any essential ingredient and that ingredient has to be, by chemical action, supplied by the soil in a greater proportion than the other essential ingredients are supplied unbalances the productiveness of the soil and by continuous use will litterally ruin the land as was often done by the use of Peruvian Guano.

THE STAR BRAND WHEAT GUANO

is *within itself a complete Wheat and Grass* fertilizer and has no superior and but few if any equals. It is a well known fact that what is known as "Dry Mixed Fertilizer" will not give as good results as that which is known as "Wet Mixed Fertilizer." Messrs. Allison & Addison have their own ACID CHAMBERS and manufacture their own acid and the

STAR BRAND GUANO

is a wet mixed fertilizer. We make this explanation for the reason that we have occasionally had complaints about the STAR BRAND being too damp to drill will. What we sell this fall was made up in June and July, and we are assured that the mechanical condition is such that it will drill well. It will pay you to see us before you buy your wheat fertilizers this fall.

We also have a good stock of Red and Sapling Clover Seed, Timothy, Orchard Grass, Herds Grass and Kentucky Blue Grass Seed. Also Seed Wheat for sale.

Very Respectfully,

HINSHAW & MEDEARIS

Winston, N. C., Sept. 20, 1888.

With the return of another season we are glad to offer our friends and customers the kindest greetings and heartiest good wishes, that these columns can be made to convey. We certainly appreciate the patronage already given us, and shall try to prove worthy of continued confidence. We know we have goods our friends need, and we insert this notice to remind them of the basis on which our business is conducted, and also of the fact, that when the best goods at the lowest prices are wanted, no wiser thing can be done

THAN TO CALL UPON

CLINARD & BROOKES,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, GROCERIES AND FAMILY SUPPLIES.

We aim to keep always on hand, fresh stock of the

CHOICEST GOODS

in our line that can be found in the market, and to give our customers the benefit of any advantages in purchasing which we may obtain.

Bargain seekers will find our establishment a good field to work, being continually on the lookout for chances to buy at

BED-ROCK FIGURES.

We are frequently able to make customers SPECIAL OFFERS that ordinary prices never touch, and which careful purchasers will eagerly accept.

Salem, N. C., Aug. 30th, 1888—tf.

We Offer to Our Farmer Friends

TWO EXCELLENT IMPLEMENTS MOST FARMING IN OUR

CUT-A-WAY HARROW

—AND—

ONE HORSE GRAIN DRILLS.

This Harrow will put your stubble land in fine order without using a plow, and will cut up the sod beautifully of turned land.

The ONE HORSE DRILL with FERTILIZER ATTACHMENT meets a long felt want. Those sold last season gave perfect satisfaction.

Examine the above and our other "good things" for the farm, such as

Cider Mills, Clipper Plows, &c.

BROWN, ROGERS & CO., Winston, N. C.

August 23rd, 1888.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20 1888.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—See Sheriff's tax notice in this issue.

—See new ad. of Hinshaw and Medaris, about their celebrated Star Brand Wheat Guano.

—Mocksville is organizing a military company.

—A comet is said to be fast nearing the earth.

—Oak Ridge Institute opened with 125 students.

—Thanks for a complimentary ticket to the State Fair.

—The Republicans will hold their convention on Saturday.

—The rumored circus will perhaps be here on the 16th of October.

—Miss Gertie Jenkins took down the speeches of Fowle and Dockery in shorthand.

—Miss Lula Tate, of Graham, has accepted a position as teacher in the Salem Female Academy.

—Dr. Rondthaler occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church, in Reidsville last Sunday a week.

—The pupils of the Salem Boys' School were out in the woods gathering chinquapins yesterday, (Wednesday.)

—The Protestant Methodist Sunday School picniced at what is known as the Reed place, now Mr. Sparks.

—Hon. A. M. Waddell and W. B. Glenn, Esq., will speak at East Bend, Yadkin county, Friday, September 21st.

The aggregate value of real and personal property of Davie county, for the whites is $1,542,228; for the colored $29,908.

—The best of Teas and the best of Spices at ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists Winston. July 12-tf.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Douthit have returned from the northern cities, where they purchased a large stock of millinery goods.

—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet in the 6th annual convention, in Winston, October 25th, 26th and 27th.

—A Union Meeting will be held in the Baptist church, in Kernersville, on Sunday, September 30th, when the church will be dedicated.

—E. D. Steele has resumed charge of the High Point *Enterprise*, C. F. Crutchfield retiring and associating himself with the Davidson *Dispatch*.

—Mrs. D. M. Clewell who has been spending several months with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. J. W. Booth, of Granville, has returned to her home.

—The *Forsyth Budget* is a new newspaper published at Kernersville, by Messrs. H. L. Coble and C. W. Pluckett. We wish the publishers much success.

—T. R. Purnell came from Raleigh Friday night, and with his family returned home Wednesday morning. Miss Lula and Bessie are at school here.

—Ice Cold Lime and Lemonade, Milk Shakes, Malto, Mexican Sherbert, Kidwell's Cream, &c., &c., at ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists, Winston, N. C. July 12-tf

—Joseph H. Stockton is running a "bus" from Dr. Swift's, in the morning at 9 o'clock and in evening at half past six o'clock, for the convenience of those desiring to attend Rev. Mr. Pearson's meetings. Fare 10 cents each for the trip.

—On next Sunday, Sept. 23rd, at half past three o'clock, p. m., the religious exercises in connection with the Corner Stone Laying of the Moravian Sunday School Chapel, in the Reservation, Winston, will take place. The public is respectfully invited to be present.

—The *Daily* says: The excursion from Winston to Fayetteville is said to have been the most disorderly one ever known.

In Fayetteville Wm. Suite a passenger, shot a negro passenger to death. Suite was arrested and lodged in Fayetteville jail.

—On Wednesday last was Principal's Day in the Academy, being the birthday of Rev. J. H. Clewell, the Principal. The young ladies enjoyed the holiday by drives to the country. This is a time-honored custom and is one of the red letter days at the Academy.

—The Oxford *Orphan's Friend* says: The ladies of North Carolina will please bear in mind that the cold winter is coming on and that we have 240 children to make comfortable. Just one day's work for us now will do you and us good. Try it and see.

—The following ticket has been nominated by the Republicans of Surry county:

Senate—W. W. Hampton.
House—Abram Marion.
Sheriff—Lee Jessup.
Register of Deeds—John Norman.
Surveyor—Henry Whitaker.
Coroner—John M. Redman.

—We have just received a large lot of Buist's fresh Turnip Seed, this year's crop. For sale at wholesale or retail by ASHCRAFT & OWENS, Druggists, Winston. July 12-tf.

Rev. R. G. Pearson's Meetings.

Mr. Pearson opened his meetings at the Centenary M. E. church, Winston, on Sunday evening last. Out of courtesy to the worthy preacher there were no services at the other churches in either town. At 7½ o'clock, the church and annex were packed with people. The congregation engaged in singing and prayer till 8 o'clock. The pulpit being occupied by Revs. W. C. Norman, of the Centenary M. E. church; Dr. E. Rondthaler, of the Moravian church; E. P. Davis, of the Presbyterian; H. A. Brown, of the Baptist church; W. E. Swaim, of the Protestant Methodist church; Mr. Robinson, of the Burkhead M. E. church, of Liberty, and W. H. Bobbitt.

At 8 o'clock Mr. Pearson promptly made his appearance and announced the hymn, "What shall the harvest be." A most excellent choir of 50 voices, directed by E. A. Ebert, sang well. The text was taken from Gallatians, 6th chapter and 7th verse. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Mr. Pearson's manner is plain and unassuming, speaking directly to the point, well illustrating the adage: "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may." The interest of the audience never flags, and the personal magnetism possessed by him is obtained by few. His style is very effective and you feel that you listen to solid truths taken from and proved by the book of books.

He preaches in the morning and at night. The congregations are very large, filling the Methodist church to its utmost capacity. There is a deep interest manifested and after every discourse a number pass into the inquiry room. The Monday evening's discourse was upon faith, the great and only justification of the sinner. He tells the audience that he speaks from the word of God, and that they should receive it as such, and believe and be saved.

On Tuesday evening he preached on "Regeneration," maintaining the same convincing argument, as to the necessity of a "new birth of water and the Spirit." It is simply wonderful with what ease the worthy preacher holds the audience. His sermons are about an hour long and never fail of earnestness and power.

Mr. Pearson is now a citizen of Asheville, N. C.

—There are now 140 boarding students at Salem Female Academy, and more coming, being the largest number since the war. The number will reach 150 or more. Including the day scholars the number will be over 250.

This is very encouraging, and we are sure every exertion will be made to keep up the old time reputation of the School.

The new "Annex Hall" is a handsome building and admirably located for the comfort of the occupants. It is well advanced towards completion, and is in the modern style of cottage architecture.

KERNERSVILLE, Sept. 10.—Mrs. C. L. Rights who has been spending some time at Piedmont Springs returned yesterday.

The colored people have purchased a full set of band instruments and have organized a band. Success to them.

L. Luther Sapp left for Philadelphia on Wednesday evening last, where he goes to attend a course of medical lectures.

—*Forsyth Budget.*

—The revenue collections in the Fifth District, for the month of August, were as follows:

At Winston,	$63,113.81
At Salisbury,	25,989.77
At Statesville,	21,353.97
At Mt. Airy,	9,307.18
At Asheville,	2,674.89
Total,	$122,439.62

REV. W. T. WALKER, Prohibition nominee for Governor, will address the citizens of Forsyth County Winston, Monday, Sept. 24th, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

A County Convention of the Prohibition Party will be held at the Court House, in Winston, on Saturday, the 29th of September, for the purpose of endorsing the National and State Prohibition nominees, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it. The Convention will be addressed by Professor George and others.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending Sept. 15, 1888:

Ladies.

Mrs Mary Allen, Miss Lucy Morgan, Miss Carrie Peoman, Mrs Leynoro Taylor, Miss Mary Tuttle (col), The Misses Vandyke.

Gentlemen.

A Asperwall, Mr John Dave Beckerdite, Mr Wilborn Conner, Mr Calvin Crews, Rev W T Matton, Rev F E McDonald, Mr W L Morgan, Mr J H Mitchell, Rev E J Winkler.

Persons calling for these letters should say *Advertised*, and are required to pay 1c. for each letter.

T. B. DOUTHIT, P. M.

—GAMES, at and below cost at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

—It is often asked when is the best time to order Fruit Trees or Vines or Plants. No better time than now, to be delivered and planted the first of November. The proprietor of the Cedar Cove Nurseries offer special inducements to planters on all sorts of fruits and stock of the finest quality, guaranteed to give satisfaction. Address

N. W. CRAFT,
Shore, Yadkin Co., N. C.
Or order of his licensed Agents.
Aug. 30-tf.

FISK AND BROOKS.—Prof. T. M. GEORGE, Fisk and Brooks Elector, will address the people of Forsyth County at the following times and places:

Lewisville, Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 1 p. m. Bethania, Wednesday night, Sept. 26, at 8 o'clock. Walkertown, Thursday, Sept. 27th, at 1 p. m. Kernersville, Thursday night, September 27th, at 8 o'clock. Friedberg, Friday, Sept. 28th, at 1 p. m. Waughtown, Friday night, Sept. 28th, at 8 o'clock.

The Democratic and Republican County Committees have been invited to send speakers to meet him with whom time will be divided.

Valuation of Real Estate, &c., in Forsyth County for 1888.

Every township in Forsyth county having made returns to our clever and efficient Register of Deeds, Capt. D. P. Mast, regarding the number of polls, valuation of real estate, etc., we gather the following facts and figures of the assessments as laid down for the county as a whole.

Number of white polls, 2,546.
Number of colored polls, 591.
Number of acres of land in various townships, 222,180½.
Value of said lands, $1,181,492.
Number of town lots, 1,724; valuation $1,512,713.
Number of horses, 2,281; valuation, $127,019.
Number of mules, 993; valuation $99,300.00.
Number of jacks and jennies 6; valuation $215.
Number of goats 47; valuation $44.
Number of cattle 5,329; valuation $50,636.
Number of hogs 8,686; valuation $20,003.
Number of sheep 2,127; valuation $2,104.
Value farming utensils, &c., $289,-389.
Machinery acts. of '87, $121,735.
Solvents and credit, &c., '87, $1,-041,174.
Shares joint stock companies, $22,-415.
All other personal property, including cotton (in seed) lint, tobacco; leaf or manufactured, &c., $915,-489.
Aggregate value of real and personal property of whites, $5,282,106.
Aggregate value for blacks, $60,-821.
Railroad franchise for school purposes, &c., $11,863.
Railroad property, machinery, &c., $91,478.
Total State, general and special tax, not including the 12½ cts. property tax for school purposes, $1,781,-132.
Poll tax, $4,514.
Total county tax, $1,945,862.

—*Sentinel.*

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.

Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Dr. V. O. Thompson's, Winston, N. C.

MARRIED.

In Davidson county, recently, Andrew Leonard to Miss Cornelia Sowers.

In Clemmonsville, on the 6th inst., by Rev. S. F. Conrad, A. T. Haynes to Miss Lucy Lawrence.

DIED.

In Davie county, last week, Wm. Griffin, aged 60 years.

In Winston, on the 15th inst., at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. K. Crawford, Cornelius Cook, a native of Guilford county.

Notice to Tax Payers.

I will attend at the following times and places to collect the Taxes for the year 1888:

Clinard's Stand, Wednesday, Oct. 10th.
Beeson's Store, Thursday, Oct. 11th.
Kernersville, Friday, Oct. 12th.
Crim's ✕ Roads, Saturday, Oct. 13th.
Haizlip's, Monday, Oct. 15th.
Stewart's, Tuesday, Oct. 16th.
Bitting's, Wednesday, Oct. 17th.
Reed's, Thursday, Oct. 18th.
Vienna, Friday, Oct. 19th.
Old Town, Saturday, Oct. 20th.
Bethania, Wednesday, Oct. 31st.
Lewisville, Thursday, Nov. 1st.
Hampton's, Friday, Nov. 2nd.
Winston, Saturday, Nov. 3rd.
Salem, Saturday, Nov. 10th.

The County Candidates will all be with me, and the public are cordially invited to be present.

JOHN BOYER,
Sheriff of Forsyth County.
Sept. 13-tf.

NOTICE.

HAVING qualified as Administrator of Daniel A. Reich, deceased, late of Forsyth county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 30th day of July, 1889, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

WM. M. REICH, *Adm'r.*,
of Daniel A. Reich.
This 11th day of July, 1888—30-6w.

NOTICE.

HAVING duly qualified as Executor of the last will and testament of William Thomas, deceased, all persons holding claims against said deceased are hereby notified to present them to me duly proven as the law directs, on or before the 5th day of September, 1889, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. And all those owing the said deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to me and thereby save cost and trouble.

CHAS. F. THOMAS, *Executor.*
This 3rd Sept. 1888-6w.

JOHN H. SINK,

AT WAUGHTOWN, N. C.,

Keeps constantly on hand and sells at the lowest prices:

Dry Goods and Notions,
Fancy Goods,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Hardware, &c., &c.

Indeed nearly everything usually kept in a general store,—and on Flour, Ship-Stuff, Chop, Meat, Sugar, Oil and Molasses he is the leader in Waughtown, and makes good

Coffee, Sugar, Cigars and Tobacco
A SPECIALTY.

He also sells Dr. Howard's Celebrated Family Medicines, and a full line of other Family Medicines; give him a call and you will be sure to get 100 cents worth of goods for every Dollar you pay to him.

John is an honest boy and will certainly do you right "just as he has always been doing." Also whenever you want to build go to John and he will sell you LUMBER as low as the lowest.

YOU CAN GET

A beautiful Register (illustrated) of OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE and BUSINESS COLLEGE telling all about that celebrated school

FREE,

You should do this if you contemplate patronizing any school next year. Prepares for

TEACHING, for BUSINESS, or for COLLEGE.

219 Students last year. This School is finely located in the Piedmont region of N. C. (near Greensboro, where good board can be had low.) It has splendid buildings, fine study halls, and elegantly furnished Society Halls, beautiful Chapel, and is completely equipped. One of the few first-class High Schools in the South. Address

J. A. & M. H. HOLT,
Oak Ridge, N. C.
July 12—3t.

Tobacco Flues!

—AT THE—

BIG COFFEE POT

—ARE THE—

BEST IN THE MARKET.

We have selected our sheet iron from a number of samples and would respectfully say that we believe we have the

TOUGHEST IRON

this year than ever before.

We cannot lead in low prices as every one sells at the same, but we can and will

LEAD IN QUALITY

BOTH OF IRON AND WORK.

—WE HAVE A—

SOLID REPUTATION ON FLUES

and we always strive to improve it.

GIVE US A CALL.

Thanking you for your past liberal patronage.

Very Respectfully,

W. O. SENSEMAN & CO.,

Main St., SALEM, N. C.
No. 30—1y.

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Issued for $1000 till lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect time keeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 6 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 613, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Primary School.

The undersigned will open on September 3rd, a primary school for boys and girls, in the well-known schoolroom of the Widows' House.

SARAH A. VOGLER.

BEE HIVE

CASH STORE.

WINSTON, N. C.

ATTENTION
WHEAT GROWERS!

WE HAVE SECURED THE AGENCY FOR

ROYSTER'S HIGH GRADE

Acid Phosphate!

THE GREAT

WHEAT FERTILIZER!

and call your attention to the following testimonials from men who have sold it for a number of years, and men who have made it a point to test fertilizers on their farms:

Messrs. W. D. BAITY & SONS,—*Gentlemen:* By request we write you in regard to the celebrated "Royster's High Grade Acid Phosphate." We have been selling this article for three or four years, and find the demand has and continues to increase wonderfully. Royster's Acid Phosphate gives satisfaction to all our customers. We consider it the best goods for the money we handle and highly recommend it to all farmers. Hoping you may be successful in the sale of this genuine goods,

Very Respectfully,
BROWER & PICKETT.
Liberty, N. C.

Messrs. W. D. BAITY & SONS,—*Sirs:* We received a letter asking us to tell you how our customers are pleased with "Royster's High Grade Acid Phosphate." It gives good satisfaction to our customers, both for Wheat and Corn. We had a good trade on it last Fall and Spring and we think you need not hesitate to recommend it to your customers. Yours, &c.,

COX & PUGH.
Millboro, N. C.

Messrs. W. D. BAITY & Sons, Winston, N. C.—*Gents:* By request we write you stating what we know of "Royster's High Grade Acid Phosphate." We will say we have sold large quantities of it in the last three years, and in every instance it has given satisfaction, so much so that our trade increases on it every year. We have sold to the best farmers of Randolph and Guilford counties, and while we sell a number of other brands of fertilizers, we do say that the farmer gets a better crop from "Royster's High Grade Acid Phosphate" than anything else we sell for the money. It is no interest for us to say so if it was not a fact. Yours Very Respectfully,

HARDIN & CO.
Julian, N. C.

Messrs. W. D. BAITY & SONS,—*Gentlemen:* I have made a specialty of testing different brands of fertilizers on my farm, and I consider "Royster's High Grade Acid Phosphate" the best, with all good feeling towards other standard brands. I do say it has always paid me better than any other, taking into consideration the cost.

C. N. HARDIN.
Julian, N. C.

We did not wish to sell any Fertilizer until we had some assurance that we were getting one among the best, and after securing the above and many more testimonials, we felt satisfied that we could place it on the market, feeling that it was one among the very best brands. Its analysis ranks right up with the highest in the essentials for Wheat, and we offer it to you in the full confidence that you can do no better than to buy it. We need not say to you that we have placed the price at the very lowest popular Bee Hive prices, as you all know our reputation for cutting prices to the very lowest living profit.

We offer it to you, delivered in Winston, at

$1.85 PER BAG OF 200 POUNDS.

We candidly believe you will subserve your own interest by using it.

In answer to the question, often asked us, if we will sell it on time? We answer, No! We hate any system that causes the consumer to have to pay 25 per cent. above an honest profit for an article. What would you think of your bank if it wanted to charge you 25 per cent. interest? This, and more too, is the amount the infamous credit system makes you pay. If you cannot pay for the fertilizer you had better borrow the money from your neighbor and pay 6 or 8 per cent. interest than pay more, or what would be better still, make your own fertilizer or let it alone. Thousands of farmers in N. C. to-day would be free and happier men, where they are now bound down the slave of some fertilizer company, if it had not been for this accursed system. Yes sir, we repeat, let it alone. You'll feel better, your wife and children will be sweeter, your crops will grow better, and everything will seem to rejoice over your freedom, freedom from credit, the most galling monster that any set of working men ever endured.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our mammoth stock of Winter Boots and Shoes are now arriving, and as promised we are prepared to open your eyes on prices. We call your special attention to our $1.99 "Bee Hive" Boot, manufactured expressly for us. We have this proposition to make in regard to it: You may buy a pair of anybody's $2.50 or $3.00 Boots, and wear with ours day and day about, and if ours does not give as good satisfaction we will refund the money. We mean what we say. Our 88 and 99 cent Women's heavy Shoes are perfect annihilators of competition. To those who are partial to homemade Shoes we offer the Randolph or Bush Hill Shoes, the best homemade Shoes on the market; and people say our prices are from 10 to 35 cents per pair less than they have been buying them.

Guns! Guns! Guns!

We offer to the sporting class a line of double and single barrel Guns, muzzle and breech loading, at 75 cents on the dollar to what you pay gun dealers. We keep shot, powder, caps, shells, wads, primers, &c., and sell at prices away down. Remember you do yourself an injustice every time you buy goods, and don't test our promises and pretentions, and a still greater one if you pay us more for goods than you will have to pay elsewhere. We are pledged to save you money, and cannot afford to deceive you.

Dixie Plows and Castings a Specialty.

Our motto, the best bottom values for the money down.

Yours anxious to please,

W. D. BAITY & SONS.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$0 70 to 0 80
Corn, per bushel,	70 to 00
Oats, " "	45 to 00
Rye, " "	00 to 80
Barley, per bushel,	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	2 00 to 2 25
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	0 00 to 0 50
Peas, (white,) " "	0 00 to 00
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 75
Beans, (white) " "	0 85 to 0 00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 to 00
Pork,	7 to 8
Lard,	8 to 00
Country Meat, (hog round,)	07 to 08
" Hams,	10 to 12
Green Apples, per bushel	0 25 to 0 00
Eggs,	10 to 00
Butter, per pound,	15 to 18
Tallow, "	4 to 00
Beeswax, " "	00 to 20
Flax Seed, per bushel,	75 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bushel,	50 to 0 75
Potatoes, sweet, " "	00 to 0 00
Cabbage, per pound,	2 to 0 03
Chickens,	15 to 20
Hay	45 to 50

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs.—Common, sound,	$ 4.00 to $5.00
" Medium,	6.00 to 7.00
" Good,	10.00 to 12.00
" Fine,	15.50 to 18.00
Leaf.—Common,	6.00 to 7.00
" Medium,	8.00 to 10.00
" Good,	12.00 to 14.00
Cutters.—Good,	20.00 to 25.00
" Fine,	30.00 to 40.00
Wrappers.—Common	20.00 to 25.00
" Medium,	00.00 to 00.00
" Good,	30.00 to 35.00
" Fine.	45.00 to 65.00

Dried Fruit Market.

Cherries free from seed, well dried	11 to 12c
Blackberries, well dried,	4½c
Whortleberries, well dried,	6c
Raspberries, well dried,	12 to 13c
Damson plums, free from seed,	5c
Bright quarter apples, well dried,	2 to 2½c
Bright sliced apples, well dried,	2½ to 3½c
Fancy sliced apples, well dried,	4 to 4½c
Extra fancy sliced apples, well dried,	5c.
Half peaches, unpeeled, free from seed,	5c
Bight peeled peaches,	6 to 7c
Fancy peeled peaches,	08 to 09c
Extra fancy peeled peaches,	10 to 11c

POMONA HILL NURSERIES.

POMONA, N. C.

TWO AND A HALF MILES WEST OF GREENSBORO.

The main line of the R. & D. R. R. passes through the grounds and within 100 feet of the office. Salem trains make regular stops twice daily each way.

Those interested in fruit and fruit growing, are cordially invited to inspect this, the

Largest Nursery

in the State, and one of the largest in the South. Stock consists of

Apples, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Plums, Japanese Persimmons, Apricots, Nectarines, Mulberries, Quince, Grape, Figs, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Currants, Pie Plant, English Walnuts, Pecans, Chestnuts, Strawberries, Roses, Evergreens, Shade Trees, &c., &c

All the new and rare varieties, as well as the old ones which my new Catalogue for 1888 will show.

Give your order to my authorized agent or order direct from the nursery.

Correspondence Solicited.

Descriptive Catalogue free to all applicants.

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Reliable salesmen wanted in every county. A good paying commission will be given.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Dissolved Bone

FOR WHEAT.

FARMERS ATTENTION!

D. S. REID,

Will keep Dissolved Bone for Wheat and sell at

$2.00 PER SACK,

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$2.00 IN CAR LOAD LOTS.

CASH ONLY.

He has adopted the Cash system and proposes to give his goods to his customers as low as they can be sold by any one. A fair trial will convince you all that his

BOOTS & SHOES

will be sold lower than the lowest.

A large stock for the FALL and WINTER trade constantly coming in, which he is able to meet any prices.

He wishes to return thanks to his many friends and customers who have supported him in the past and wishes to ask a continuance of their favors, at same time promises to give them their goods as low as any one.

Respectfully,

D. S. REID.
Aug. 16-3m.

The Weekly News & Observer.

The Weekly News and Observer is a long ways the best paper ever published in North Carolina. It is a credit to the people and to the State. The people should take a pride in it. It should be in every family. It is an eight page paper, chock full of the best sort of reading matter, news, market reports, and all that. You cannot afford to be without it. Price, $1.25 a year. We will furnish the **Weekly News and Observer** until January 1st, 1889, for $1. Send for sample copy. Address

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They make over one wagon per day, and can ship promptly. They make the Box Bed Wagon as cheap as the Western Wagon, and make the plantation lock on running gear, which cannot be found on Western Wagons. Were awarded a Diploma at Exposition of 1884. Steel skeins nothing extra, and steel tire $2.50 extra only. Why not buy their wagons.

WAGONS ALWAYS ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER.

Thankful for past favors they solicit a continuance of the same. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular. Where they go they call for more.

JOHN C. SPACH, Agent, Waughtown, N. C.
July 26, 1888—tf.

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May 3, 1888—3m.

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55 MAIN ST., WINSTON, N. C.

HAS THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF LADIES' AND Gents fine

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

WATCH CHAINS, CHARMS, SOLID GOLD RINGS, and a variety of other jewelry too numerous to mention. Also extensive line of one and 8 day CLOCKS.

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WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY,

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Big drive in all Silk Ribbons.

2,000 yards Cloth in remnants.

Best line Ladies and Gents Underwear at cost.

Feathers, Hat Ornaments, Ladies Fine Felt Hats, Hat Trimmings, Fine Shoes, newest style, Gossameres, Blankets, Shawls, &c.

Ostrich Tips, 50 cents a bunch.

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Mens' Shoes, in 7s and 8s only, at half price.

Men's and Boys' Clothing in great variety.

Men's, and Boys' Hats and Caps.

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Best quality of Violin Strings.

600 yards of remnant Cloths, 1 and 2 yard lengths, 25c. per yard.

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April 1888—tf.

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A SPECIALTY.

DON'T FORGET THE—PLACE.

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Aug. 16, 1888.

LADIES!

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PEERLESS DYES

They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price **10c.** a package. 40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut. For sale by

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BINGHAM SCHOOL with a wholesome Moral restraint offers the best Physical and the best Mental culture, a compulsory Curriculum with Enforced Study, a reasonable but strict Discipline, and a location entirely free from Malaria.

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

Variant Waists.

The fashion of making the two sides of the waist of different materials has arrived in this country, but as usual the idea has been left either in England or at the bottom of the ocean. The style was set afloat at one of those half-æsthetic, half-business-like gatherings where idle women with theories, reformers, fashionable ladies, and dressmakers of high degree convene and the one-sided drapery was shown, so arranged as to make a woman look like a statue, the underdress being of pink or flesh color, made perfectly plain, and the overdress and drapery being of white or of any desired hue. This overdress was drawn over one shoulder and under the arm on the other side, and the effect was rather startling at a little distance; but American dressmakers put a shirring on one shoulder and braiding on the other, and lace on one side of the waist and velvet on the other, and trim the two sides of a shawl-shaped opening in different ways, and play other fantastic tricks. It hurts nobody, and it enables them to use up quantities of odds and ends; but it looks funny, and if the æsthetic originators could but see it! Remember, ladies, that it is a half draped statue that you represent, and insist on having one half of your frock waist absolutely plain.—*Boston Transcript.*

She Chews Gum.

The foremost belle and beauty of a large New York tobacco factory has quit the rolling of cigarettes, removed the stains of tobacco from her fingers, and is on exhibition in a Bowery dime museum. If she were heiress to a million her loveliness would be lauded beyond that of any girl in swelldom. She is a blonde, perfect in shapeliness and beautiful in face. What is she doing in the museum? She is chewing gum. One of the manufacturers and heavy advertisers of gum has contracted with the manager of the show for her appearance. She sits on a raised platform along with an assortment of freaks. She wears a rich evening dress of white satin. Her hair is dressed in the latest style, and altogether she has an air of delicate, high breeding. For full twelve hours a day she is on duty. Her jaws seem tireless, and with a few intermissions for rest she chews away at a cud of gum, paying no particular heed to the jocose spectators, making no answer to their remarks, and deriving apparent satisfaction from the admiration which she feels that she excites. Besides, there is the pay in cash, the amount of which nobody outside the deal knows. Behind her are emblazoned the announcements that she chews a certain make of gum only, and boxes of it are piled around her. A boy sells the gum to whoever chooses to buy, but the main idea is to make the visitors to the museum go out and talk about the odd sight, and thus create a new demand for the article.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Care of the Face.

Eschew everything else except plenty of hot water, not warm or tepid water, but hot. The face should be thoroughly washed with very hot water every night and the skin well rubbed during the process. The hands are best for this. It is a mistake to use rags or sponges for the face. When the skin is completely cleansed by the hot water it might be washed a second time with cold water, which acts as an invigorant. Then it ought to be perfectly dried with a soft towel, but without friction. Some women scrub their faces with a flesh brush, and afterward rub them dry with a coarse bath towel. I do not know what sort of skin those ladies can possibly have, but at any rate their modus operandi is not one to generally recommend. Hot water is the best cosmetic in the world, and it is one that everybody can have in an unlimited quantity. It is far preferable to the finest powder or balm or lotion ever manufactured, and while I repeat that I do not consider the use of face powder without bismuth objectionable now and then, my advice is to employ it less and hot water more. Never, however, wash the face oftener than twice a day, night and morning. After being out in the open air, where particles of dust are apt to adhere to the skin, the face may be wiped gently with a piece of fine linen—an old handkerchief is best—to which has been applied a minute quantity of almond meal. It is astonishing to see how much dirt can be removed by this simple process. During the winter months, when the skin is likely to become chapped and reddened, a little cucumber cream rubbed on the face before exposing it to the outer air will effectually prevent the disastrous results of cold and wind. As for soap, medicated or not, scarcely one woman in a hundred can use it at all on her face without finding that it irritates the skin. There is a good deal of nonsense uttered about soap. For the purpose of cleanliness hot water answers all the necessary requirements so far as the face is concerned.—*New York Graphic.*

Fashion Notes.

Breastpins grow larger.

Real laces are being revived.

The furor of lace garniture still continues.

Oriental combinations of colors are much worn.

Grenadines, with a large satin or polka spot are much worn. They are trimmed with gold and worn over a silk jupe.

A Parisian novelty in the way of parasols is a sunshade of fancy straw, decorated with flowers and knots of ribbon.

Hats still have wide brims, and feathers, small and tightly curled, make the crown, with an aigrette of ribbon or flowers.

Morning gowns cut low in the neck at the front fasten over a fichu of folded mull, and have cuffs of folded mull about the wrist.

Among new fabrics corded silk, with a thread of gold running through it, is one of the richest, and indescribably handsome.

If a silk petticoat is worn, it must match the gown in hue quite as strictly as the stockings and much more so than the gloves.

The greens which are in vogue at present are not emerald nor olive shades, but pale reed green, a roseau, as the French call it. Nile green, snowball and water lily green, apple green, and the dull, dark shades known as Florentine greens and serpent.

An Ainu Chief.

I paid a visit to the village chief, who lives in a large house, a part of which is occupied by a Japanese Christian, who is trying to do missionary work among the people. The chief, a very old man, received me sitting in front of his cabinet of Japanese curios. He bowed, extended both his hands with the palms up, waved them toward himself, and stroked his long grey beard. These actions were repeated twice, and were accompanied by a low, murmured greeting, which was translated to me as meaning that he deemed himself highly honored by my call, and hoped I would enjoy myself during my stay in his village. The Ainu, he said, were too poor and too ignorant of the manners of honorable foreigners to do anything to entertain me; and a lot of compliments and pleasant things. His quiet dignity of manner, and his low, musical voice impressed me very favorably; and, although he was dirty and clad in rags, he looked the chief.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

One of the richest men in St. Paul, Minn., who owns block after block of real estate, lives on less than $500 a year.

A Shroud Factory.

New York, says a correspondent, is the recognized headquarters for the clothing of the dead as well as of the living. There is nothing about a shroud factory to indicate the character of its product. Even the rows of coffins and enticing varieties of caskets in the warerooms below seem to belong to another business altogether. The showcases that are visible from the head of the stairs, with their display of the latest styles in shrouds, appear to have been left there, perhaps by some previous tenant, and bear no possible relation to the use the rooms are now being put. It is very difficult to imagine that these light-hearted girls who chat so merrily over their machines are turning out burial robes by the dozen, but such is the case, and to them the work is no more dolorous than the making of shirts.

If you are curious, come with me to one of the largest factories in the city, within a few blocks of Cooper Union, in the Bowery, and see for yourself. As the door of the shop opens the noise is almost deafening. Between the clatter of the machines on the one hand and the chatter of the girls on the other, one can hardly hear himself speak. It is 10 o'clock—early for us, perhaps, but not for the girls. They have been at work since 8 o'clock, and one-quarter of their day has already been spent. In the center of the room is a double row of sewing machines, varying in size and power, and all fastened to two long and narrow tables with little round places cut in the sides into which the operators snugly fit. At the other end of the room are several counters forming a quadrangle. Within this square sit a dozen young women chatting and sewing, while a tall, middle-aged, motherly woman snips out of yards upon yards of black, white and brown cloth patterns of shrouds. Shrouds with long skirts, shrouds with short skirts, shrouds with no skirts at all. Shrouds for the rich, and shrouds for the poor. And such patterns they are.

This elaborate design in white satin, with soft ruching around the neck and fleecy ruffles around the wristbands, is modeled after a wedding gown as nearly as is possible, considering the different use it is put to. It will grace the funeral of some rich patron of a fashionable undertaker. This plain black garment, with a false shirt bosom and a collar which ties behind with a cord, is patterned after an evening suit. It is quiet and eminently respectable. It is intended for a man of middle age, and costs quite as much as a suit worn in life. Besides these there are robes of brown and combinations of brown and black, some faced with white satin, some with silk and others plain even to severity. These form the cheaper grade of goods and are worn by men or women of advanced years. The white robes are all intended for the young. Some of these are marvelous pieces of work, and if embroidered by hand would cost a small fortune. This little gown would hardly reach from your hand to your elbow. The tiny neckband is ruffled and tied together in front with a white satin bow. The little sleeves are covered with embroidery and the skirt is elaborately trimmed with lace. It is a baby shroud and is the smallest that is made.

The styles in shrouds are continually changing. Every fashion used by the living contribute to the robbing of the dead. Every large factory has its special designer, and not even death can still the competition between them.

Aboriginal Tramps.

The tramp is not a modern production, says a writer in the Detroit *Free Press.*

The early settlers along the bank of the St. Clair River, Mich., were familiar with a species which to-day is nearly extinct. I refer to the roving bands of Indians, who, carrying their homes with them, pitched their tents wherever their inclinations and the prospect of good fare led them. Where they came from or where they went we never knew. They would suddenly stand before us, a statue-like group, often including two or three generations.

The men, with rings hanging from their noses and ears, and their long black hair spread around their shoulders, would stand erect, a short distance in advance of the rest, wearing the dignity of countless generations of unconquered ancestors. Their only burden consisted of a rifle and ammunition; sometimes a bow and arrows. Behind them, bending under the loads which they carried on their backs, stood the women. Some with great bundles of baskets, corn-husk mats and splint-brooms, others with the black-eyed papooses seated in the blankets, which were drawn tightly across their backs and loosened at the shoulders, thus forming a comfortable seat so long as the mother hands held the blanket in front.

After the "boo joos" were exchanged they would make their wants known by lowering their bundles and by signs asking us to buy. Money was an unknown currency with them. They exchanged their manufactures for flour, pork or corn meal. Sometimes they drove rather sharp bargains.

A certain undercurrent of fear was at that time still prevalent among the settlers, and they often yielded their rights rather than arouse the enmity of their old-time foes. Their visits often happened purposely—it was then thought—near the close of the day, and they never hesitated at such times to ask for a night's lodging. They were seldom refused, and bed-time found them wrapped up in their blankets stretched out on the kitchen floor with their feet to the fire. A generous pile of logs was heaped on the andirons in the big fire-place for their especial benefit. In the morning they would be missing when the family awoke.

What changes time has made in their condition. Almost any day Indians may now be seen on the river boats, tricked out in an imitation of the times, the men wearing store clothes, with cigars in their mouths. The women are especially gay, wearing cheap fancy millinery, corsets and bustles.

Lord Beresford's Empty Threat.

The ancient town of Lewes, Del., has not been without some historical occurrences, nor altogether slighted by people of renown. In 1812 Lord Beresford, of the British Navy, laid off Lewes in his flagship Belvedere, Beresford demanded forty bullocks, or he would level the town. He had to fire, as the demand was not acceded to. With the exception of sending a solid shot through a building then standing on the site of the Virden house and knocking a chimney from another house, no damage was done. His bad gunnery drew from the local poet the couplet:

"The Commodore and all his men
Crippled a dog and killed a hen."

A battery of smooth bore thirty pounders, brought from Wilmington to protect Lewes against Beresford's fleet, were never fired for want of ammunition. Nearly eaten with rust, the barrels, with muzzles aiming seaward, now lie on the ground in front of the Virden house, and are a prolific source of questions for every newcomer.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Remarkable Memory of a Savage

Dr. Moffat, the distinguished African missionary and father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, once preached a long sermon to a crowd of natives. Shortly after he had finished he saw a number of Africans gather about a simple minded young savage. He went to them and discovered that the savage was preaching his sermon over again. Not only was he reproducing the precise words, but imitating the manner and gestures of the white preacher.—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

The best way when hot grease has been spilled on the floor is to dash cold water on it, so as to harden it quickly and prevent its striking into the boards.

A SOLDIERS' HOME.

GOVERNMENTAL HOUSEKEEPING ON A GIGANTIC SCALE.

Preparing the Meals for Five Thousand Inmates—A Hash Machine Run by Horse Power—Mess Hall Scenes.

On a shady avenue in Dayton, Ohio, opposite a long row of brick barracks stands a three story brick building, with a pillared portico along the front, which is the Soldiers' Home, sustained by the United States Government. This building contains the two dining halls, on the first and second floors respectively, each 90x150 feet, together comprising an area exceeding half an acre. In the rear of this is the kitchen, a large, irregular apartment, lighted from the sides and from above, and with floor space enough to accommodate a mass meeting.

The bakery, bread room, dish department and refrigerator are also under this roof. No pantry is necessary, as the food is kept in separate rooms, shelved to the ceiling to hold each day's portion.

The Goddess of Liberty is a thrifty housewife, and starts the domestic machinery at 3 o'clock in the morning. At that hour the kitchen and dining room are opened and aired, the steam turned on in the range, and the regiment of help begins the day's work. Breakfast is served at 6. An average of 4000 men are fed three times a day from the general kitchen, and from 400 to 500 at the hospital. Imagine the work necessary to prepare a Friday breakfast, with seven barrels of mackerel, fifty-four bushels of potatoes and 560 gallons of coffee to be cooked and promptly served at 6.

There are thirty men in the kitchen department under the direction of the chief cook and his assistant. Some prepare vegetables, others cut the meat and the bread, still others make the coffee. They do not interfere with one another, nor do they waste time or labor or food. There are no grease spots on the floor, no unwashed cooking utensils, no visible dishcloths. It is the true military order and neatness which admits nothing short of perfection.

Across one end of the kitchen is a range twenty feet long. This is used exclusively for cooking meats, and the quantity of roast beef for one dinner, about 2500 weight, or nearly three entire beeves, is easily accomodated.

One side of the kitchen is lined with huge iron pots or coppers, heated by steam for cooking vegetables. On the opposite side is a row of stationary coffee boilers, seven in number, each holding from sixty to a hundred gallons, and all filled and emptied twice a day the year through. Here is the way coffee is made at the Soldiers' Home: First the boilers are filled with water and the steam turned on under them. Then, while the water is heating, the ground coffee is measured out of the bins and put into perforated tin receptacles the size and shape of washtubs, one of which fits into each copper. This is on the principle of the French coffee pot, which requires no egg for the clearing.

The hash machine is run by a four horse-power engine. This machine has, in addition to the usual bewildering number of cog wheels and levers, five sharp blades which work very quikly in a shallow revolving cylinder containing the hash. Nine hundred pounds of corned beef and thirty bushels of potatoes are required to make the morning meal. The chopping takes three men and the above mentioned machine forty-five minutes to turn out the necessary amount.

All the eatables for this family are supplied on the same gigantic scale. A statement of the quantity of food required at the home has a Falstaffian ring which might well make a prudent chronicler hesitate unless supported by official figures. Forty-five pounds of tea every night for supper!

Seventy-five gallons of milk are used each day at the general kitchen and as much more at the hospital. Seven hundred gallons of Irish stew are prepared for breakfast once a week.

Forty sheep are taken from the slaughter-houses to the range on each day that mutton potpie is served; and eighteen barrels of flour are baked into bread and consumed every twenty-four hours. This reminds me of the bakery, which naturally fills an important role in the government menage. A large room, redolent with odors of fresh bread, pies and cinnamon cake forms a vestibule, one might almost say, to the vast ovens which open into it. At the time of my visit it contained, as principal furniture, a long table completely covered with very appetizing pies. The baker informed me that the whole number for one day's dinner (of which but a small proportion was to be seen) required twelve barrels of apples for the filling, three tubs of butter for the upper and three tubs of lard for the lower crust.

The dining-room, or mess-hall, as you must call it if you would be truly military, is a well-lighted apartment, with vistas of wooden tables, white and smooth from daily scrubbing, and like all the appointments of this household, clean enough to cheer the soul of the typical New England housewife. On the second floor is another room similarly fitted up. The tables in each room accommodate at one sitting 1100 men, but as that is about one-fourth of the actual number to be fed, they have to be filled twice at each meal. A short time before the dinner hour all is quiet and orderly, the stools in rows and the tables empty, except for the salt and pepper standing guard in the middle of each. A few men lounge idly about, and one cannot help thinking they must have forgotten that 4000 hungry veterans will besiege the doors at twelve o'clock. Suddenly a bell rings. You notice that a small army, 213, in fact, has gathered in the passageway from the kitchen. Each man carried a tower of plates, and, as the signal sounds, they begin to march down the center aisle and file off between the tables, distributing the heavy stone plates as they go with a noisy clatter. The next signal calls for knives and forks; then bowls, bread, butter, etc., in their order, and all are placed with very little confusion.

The seating of the first 2000 men occupies just five minutes. When this is done the sergeant gives the order to "fall in for meat" or "potatoes," as the case may be. Twenty minutes are allowed for eating, though the men are never hurried in the meals. At the end of that time another bell rings, the men pass out of the hall; and twenty minutes more are allowed for clearing the tables and setting them again. The first squad of waiters dash deftly in with wooden trays, on which they collect all the bits of bread. They are followed by those who remove the knives and forks, then by those who empty the dregs of coffee into buckets. Another row of waiters pile up the plates and stand waiting for the signal to start. When these have vanished there are others behind them, whose duty it is to brush off the crumbs and place the clean dishes on in the order I have described before. After the second set of men have finished their dinner and left the hall the tables and floor are scrubbed, and everything is once more in order.—*American Magazine.*

Says Sam Jones: "Thank God it is no crime to be ugly. When God wants a good woman he makes her as symmetrical as an angel, but when he wants a good man he makes him as ugly as a mud fence. I never saw a pretty man yet who was worth killing."

Two artesian wells, recently sunk in Sonoma Valley, Cal., are considered to be worth not less than $10,000 each. One of them flows 90,000 gallons of water per day and the other 100,000.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The direct action of steam at 212 degrees is sufficient to destroy all germs.

Chloroform may be detected in the lungs of animals four weeks after death.

According to the naturalists, wasps remember the locality of their nests just ninety-six hours.

Waste silk has been shown to be the most effective non-conductive covering for steam pipes. The price is high, but the demand is very great.

There has been invented for the use of the trumpeters in the French army an instrument which at will can be turned so as to throw the sounds backward.

A human subject without collar bones has been met with in a St. Louis dissecting-room. This structure is that of most of the vertebrates, such as lions, bears, etc.

Without taking into account the small variations due to refraction, etc., the days and nights are always of equal length at all points on the equator, without regard to the position of the ecliptic.

The atmosphere on the English Channel was recently rarefied to such a degree that objects between thirty and forty miles from Dover and Folkestone could clearly be distinguished with the naked eye.

Tests of various kinds of coal have shown that only coke is a sufficiently good electric conductor to be used as an earth collection for lightning rods. Specimens of anthracite and bituminous coal and charcoal were mostly lacking in conductivity.

A natural soap well has been discovered near Buffalo Gap, Dakota. The soap is skimmed from a boiling spring and hardens by exposure to the air. It is a mixture of borax, alkali and oil. The quality is excellent, and the supply is believed to be inexhaustible.

A remarkable strip of the new South American railroad, from Buenos Ayres to the Andes, is probably the longest tangent in the world, extending 211 miles without a curve. It is further notable as having no bridge in the entire distance, and no cut or fill exceeding about a yard in depth or height.

A new method of weather prediction has been discovered by a French physicist. He has observed that the scintillations of stars increase before many storms, indicating disturbance of the upper atmosphere hours before the meteorological instruments show any change. The fiercer the storm, the more is the strength of the scintillations increased.

Eighteen years ago, when the airbrake was, it required eighteen seconds to apply it to a train 2000 feet long. Four years later the time was reduced to four seconds. Recent experiments with the air-brake on freight trains show that it can be applied to every car in a train of that length running at the rate of forty miles an hour, and that this train can be stopped within 500 feet, or one-fourth its own length, and all this without any serious jostling.

When the first electric telegraph was established the speed of transmission was from four to five words a minute with the five needle instruments; in 1849 the average rate for newspaper messages was seventeen words a minute; the present pace of the electric telegraph between London and Dublin, where the Wheatstone instrument is employed, reaches 463 words; and thus what was regarded as miraculous sixty years ago has multiplied a hundred fold in half a century.

A Boston Man's Original Levee.

A young man in Boston who is going abroad soon, wished to entertain some friends before his departure. He knew they were surfeited with the ordinary style of evening parties. He wanted something original. He invited ten young ladies and nine young gentlemen. As each guest entered the reception-room he or she received a handsomely engraved card which bore the mysterious word "Causerie." A hint as to the meaning of what would follow was given by the quotation from "Paradise Lost:" "With thee conversing, I forget all time." After his guests had puzzled their brains trying to decipher the meaning, the host volunteered an explanation. Ten subjects were presented for discussion, and he had chosen ten couples to do the work. Instead of spending the evening in dancing, each gentleman was expected to fill out his card with the names of the young ladies with whom he desired to talk. In that respect it differed slightly from the selection of partners for the dance. There could be no wall-flowers. The conversation must be general. Five minutes were devoted to each topic, and at a signal from the host there was a general swapping of partners and a complete change in the style of conversation. For instance, the company opened the ball by telling what they knew about "Boston Busy B's, Baked Beans, Brown Bread, Baseball, Big Brains, Blooming Beauties, Blithesome Bachelors." When the young ladies had practically floored the gentlemen in regard to the relative merits of baked beans and brown bread as the best method of producing big heads on baseball tossers, they turned their attention to the topic: "The Lady or the Tiger—Which?" There was a strong division of opinion on that. The others were: "Consciousness," "The real affinity between a red-headed girl and a white horse, "Boston Fads," "Given a squirrel on a tree and a man at the foot. The man moves around the tree, the squirrel does the same thing, keeping always on the opposite side. Can the man go around the squirrel?" "Will the opposition to the Andover theology warrant the heathen in adopting a protective tariff, excluding our missionaries?" "Does an incubated hen have any maternal instinct?" and the ladies were familiar with the last topic for the evening: "Leap Year."—*Argonaut.*

How Thread is Numbered.

Everybody knows the sizes of thread. Every seamstress knows whether she wants No. 30 or 60 or 120, and knows, when she hears the number, about what is the size of the strand referred to; but how the numbers happen to be what they are, and just what they mean, not one person in a thousand knows. And yet it is a simple matter to explain, was the information accorded a reporter by an employe of one of the largest spool cotton manufactories in the United States. When 840 yards of yarn weigh 7000 grains, a pound of cotton, the yarn is No. 1. If 1680 yards weighs a pound it will be No. 2 yarn. For No. 50 yarn it would take fifty multiplied by 840 yards to weigh a pound. This is the whole yarn measurement. The early manufactured thread was three-cord, and the thread took its number from the number of the yarn from which it was made. No. 40 yarn made No. 60 thread, though in point of fact the actual calibre of No. 60 thread would equal No. 20 yarn, being three 60 strands.

When the sewing machine came into the market as the great consumer, unreasoning in its work and inexorable in its demands for mechanical accuracy, six-cord cotton had to be made as a smoother product. As thread numbers were already established, they were not altered for the new article, and No. 60 six-cord and No. 60 three-cord are identical in size as well as in number. To effect this the six-cord has to be made of yarn twice as firm as that demanded by the three-cord. The No. 60 six-cord would be six strands of 120 yarn. Three-cord spool cotton is the same number as the yarn it is made of. Six-cord spool cotton is made of yarn that is double its number. As simple a thing as thread is, there are 2000 different kinds made.—*Mail and Express.*

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Ensilage Indorsed.

Some time ago the Kansas State Board of Agriculture appointed a committee to investigate ensilage, and report the results of such investigation. The conclusions reached by the committee were as follows:

1. That the time has arrived when the more progressive and economic methods of conducting the dairy and beef-producing interests should command the thoughtful consideration of Western farmers.

2. That the method of preserving green crops by means of silos, now common in the older States, is generally commended as practical and profitable by those having the largest experience in the business.

3. That ensilage, if intelligently prepared, is a good, wholesome article of food for cattle, and when fed as it should be, in connection with dry feed, will materially increase the product and profit of the dairy, make the production of beef more remunerative, improve the condition of hogs, and enable the farmer and stock grower to realize profits not promised by the methods now common in the West.

4. That corn is the most profitable crop for ensilage, and for this purpose the seed should be drilled at from eight to ten inches, in rows three and a half feet apart. Good cultivation is required, and the crop should be cut just before or about the time the ears begin to glaze.

5. That corn planted, cultivated and cut as above indicated will average not less than twenty tons of ensilage per acre; that in feeding value, three tons of corn ensilage will equal one ton of tame hay, or that one acre of corn, when made into ensilage, will equal about seven of hay; that the feeding capacity of a given amount of land can be at least doubled by the method proposed, and that without adding materially, if at all, to the cost per head of the animals fed.

The Value of Good Roads.

The following extract is taken from a paper read before the Connecticut State Agricultural Society by Professor W. H. Brewer on "The Carrying of Farm Products," and published in the annual report of the State Board. "Good roads are one of the first essentials for a high civilization. It has been so in all ages, it is so now. There can be no great nation unless it has means of intercourse between its parts, and the very fact that railroads now offer easy means of travel and transportation for great distances gives new importance to the local highways that lie between the farm and the railway, or the farm and the town.

"The Romans built great roads as they extended their empire and their dominion. They were a military necessity, but they had their other uses and were a great factor in civilizing the peoples they conquered. And when Rome fell the roads became poorer, and this was one of the causes as well as one of the effects of the dark ages which followed. Macaulay and other historians have told us how bad the roads were in Great Britain in the last and in previous centuries. How that farm products had to be carried on the backs of pack horses, except cattle which might be driven on foot, and how slow travel was generally. When the Highland Agricultural Society came into existence in 1784, it found the great obstacle to improvement on farms to be the want of means of internal communication. "The defects of the public roads then in existence operated most prejudicially to the farmers who sent their produce to market. It limited the production and prevented the replacing by manure, of the elements of fertility which was abstracted. The turnpike act went into effect about 1760 or 1765, but it was not until well into the present century that good roads became common enough to allow English and Scotch agriculture to take the high stand the middle of this century found it. A prize essay on the fifty years, published in 1810, in the *Farmers' Magazine*, brings this out most strikingly, how the improvements in roads led to progress in agriculture.

"Most countries of Continental Europe have built roads for military purposes, which became great factors in the development and progress of the countries in times of peace. Napoleon had the first wagon road built across the Alps, that cannon and armies might move the easier. Now that four tunnels pierce the Alps for railroads, for peaceful traffic, the country finds greater need than ever for good local roads.

"Military roads have been built by every civilized nation on earth, I think, and in the end the roads proved of more importance to the arts of peace than they did even to war. The great 'National Road' built by our general government from Baltimore westward across the mountains to Wheeling, thence to Cincinnati and St. Louis, was a great aid in building up the West, and was for a long time a great route of travel and inland traffic. So long as western outposts were disconnected with each other and with the outer world by roads, they could not grow."

Farm and Garden Notes.

Give to poultry a good grass run if possible.

The currant and the gooseberry thrive best in a partial shade.

Feed plenty of charcoal mixed with ashes and salt to your swine.

Why a good breed of hogs there is nothing like staying with them.

The last list of transfers for thoroughbred Berkshire swine contains fifteen sales to go to eight different places.

Avoid exposure to the hot sun as much as possible, and remember that farm animals suffer much at this season.

If cuttings of cottonwood have been taken from the tree some time, they should be soaked a week in water before they are planted.

Do not forget that the present is an admirable season for gathering dry earth and putting it under cover in convenient proximity to the chicken houses, for future use as a dust bath and as an absorbent.

New beds of strawberries should be kept clean. Sufficient cultivation should be given to insure a strong, vigorous growth, and this implies keeping the soil in good tilth and thoroughly destroying the weeds.

J. A. Dawson, of Pictou, Nova Scotia, was reported at a meeting of the Nova Scotia Fruit Growers' Association by the secretary as having tried with entire success the application of salt water to the bark of apple trees for destroying the bark louse. One pint of salt is dissolved in two gallons of water. A single application is made about June 16, with a stiff paint brush. Care is taken not to wet the leaves, as the salt will destroy them. It has the merit of being very easily tried. It is obviously important to apply it at the right time or early in June, when the eggs are hatching.

It is useless to treat a colt for colic as long as it is forced to eat straw. This coarse food does not contain nutriment enough for a growing animal; it is not digested, and consequently the digestive organs, which are weakened, are burdened excessively by this coarse food. Colic is to be looked for under such conditions. Medicine is not required; a change of food is all that is needed. Give the colt some oats and a bran mash, and, if hay is not to be procured, feed no more than a pound of finely-cut straw steeped in hot water and mixed with three pounds of bran. Give a little salt with each feed. This is for one ration given three times a day for a two-year-old colt.

Paper Bottles.

The paper-bottle industry has achieved considerable success in the West, and is gradually extending throughout the United States. Foremost among the advantages accruing from this new adaptation of paper is the fact that the bottles are unbreakable, while the cost at which they can be placed on the market is considerably lower than that of an article of the same size in glass, stoneware or tin. A great saving in the weight is moreover effected, a desideratum of no small amount where cost of carriage of large numbers has to be taken into consideration, while the cost of packing is reduced to a minimum, for breaking in transit, which is a constant source of loss with glass bottles, is obviously impossible. Special machinery is employed in the manufacture of paper bottles. A long slip of paper of requisite thickness, having been forced into a tube by bending around a circular "mandrel," is covered externally with an outer glazed sheet, bearing any labels to be employed; the tube is then cut into short lengths, to the end of which are added tops, bottoms and necks of paper—or of wood, if special strength is required—nothing further beyond pouring in and lining the inside with composition, which, on settling, will effectually resist the action of acids, spirits, inks, dyes, etc. The utilization of paper is constantly receiving new adaptations, a bare enumeration of which would constitute a formidable list, while enough has been said to demonstrate that the latest development of this material in the bottle-making industry bids fair to hold not an unimportant part in the varied uses now obtained from paper.—*Mail and Express.*

Texas Fever Contagious.

A series of tests was inaugurated at the Chicago stock yards some time ago for the purpose of determining definitely whether or not Texas fever is contagious. A post-mortem examination was held on several head of cattle which were placed in a pen with cattle from Texas which had the fever. The disease, it is thought, was soon communicated to the Illinois cattle, but was allowed to progress until they were slaughtered. Unmistakable evidences of fever were at once apparent. The bladder of each animal was filled with virus of a bloody color, the kidneys were highly inflamed and gangrene had set in. The spleen was enlarged and diseased, as was also the stomach. The investigation was conducted for the benefit of the Cattle Growers' Association, which will convene in December and will endeavor to find some means of preventing the spread of this dreadful disease.—*New York Herald.*

The Agonies of Lumbago.

EAST RIVER NATIONAL BANK, NEW YORK, March 10, 1886.

It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony in favor of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Last October I had a very severe attack of lumbago and suffered untold agony; could not turn in bed or get in any position without assistance, and with pains almost unbearable; the folks suggested ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. As soon as possible I had one applied to the small of my back and to my great surprise I experienced almost instant relief; I continued wearing it until entirely cured, and am happy to say that I have not had the slightest symptoms of Lumbago since. They are a wonderful and valuable Plaster for Lumbago, and I take much pleasure in recommending them.

W. S. PHILLIPS.

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And each day and night during the week you can get at all druggists Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and Consumption. Get a bottle *to-day* and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price 50c and $1. Sample bottles free.

Only 4,808,0 0 letters found their way to the Dead Letter Office at Washington.

A Young Girl's Grief

At seeing her charms of face and form departing, and her health impaired by functional irregularities, at her critical period of life, was turned to joy and gratitude after a brief self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It purified and enriched her blood, gave a healthy activity to the kidneys, stomach, bowels, and other organs and her return to robust health speedily followed. It is the only medicine for women sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Thirty-five women are students in the London School of Medicine for Women.

Better than a Hero.

"What a coward that Major Smith is," said Jones to Robinson, "why, the very sight of gun-powder would make him ill. How did he ever manage to be one an officer in the army?" "Don't say anything against Smith," answered Robinson, "he once saved my life." "Saved your life! Nonsense, impossible! What do you mean?" "I mean that I was in the first stages of consumption; I was losing strength and vitality every day with the terrible disease, when Smith advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I had tried all kinds of medicines without success, and my physician had given me no hope; yet here I am, as well as ever a man was, and I owe my life to Smith, and to the wonderful remedy he recommended."

California lions are devouring the sheep in Shasta County.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A blue lobster has been caught off Fisher's Island, Conn.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 75c. per bottle.

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AN EASTERN TALE.

A king once summoned his three sons,
And thus addressed the anxious ones:
"Go forth, my sons, through all the earth
And search for articles of worth;
Then he who brings the choicest thing,
Shall in my stead be crowned as king."

In one year's time again they meet,
And kneel before the sovereign's feet:
And as with gracious outstretched hand,
He welcomed home the youthful band,
He natural eagerness expressed,
To see the objects of their quest.
The first such lustrous pearls displays,
That every tongue is loud in praise.
So white, the snow-flakes on their way
Compared to them are dull and gray.
The next a diamond more pure,
And larger than the Koh-i-noor,
That shone with such a brilliant light,
The sunbeams, shamed, withdrew from sight.

'Twas hard to choose between the two,
The monarch knew not what to do.
The third is standing calmly there;
Now, with a half triumphant air
And smile of confidence and hope,
He shows a cake of Ivory Soap,
So peerless in its purity
That dirt, alarmed, takes wings to fly.
The old king, as it meets his sight,
Grasps it, and cries in wild delight:
"No more confusion or dismay,
No more cold meals on washing day.
Subjects! my youngest son obey,
The Ivory Soap has won the day."

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory'," they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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